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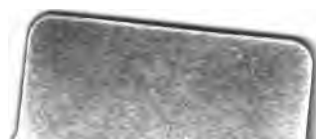
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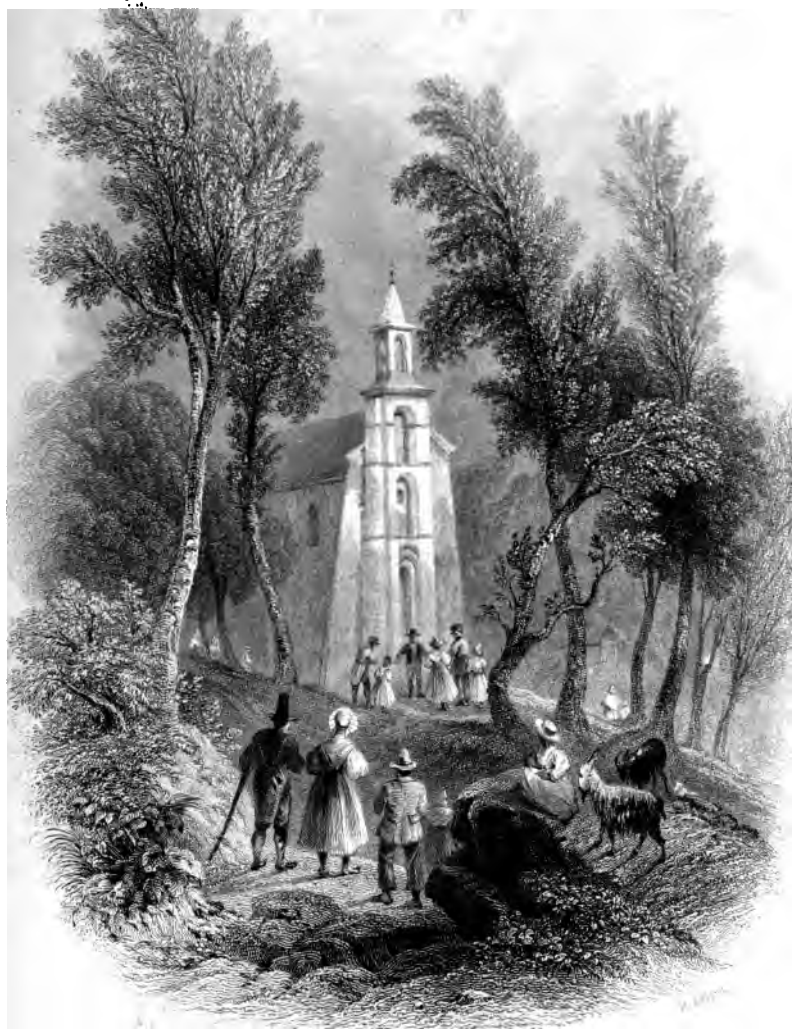
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THE
CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE,

AND

MISSIONARY ANNUAL.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

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P R E F A C E.

THE numerous and gratifying testimonies in favour of THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE AND MISSIONARY ANNUAL, which the Proprietors have received since the publication of the volume for 1837, have stimulated them to use every exertion to secure for the present volume a measure of public approval equal to that so generously awarded to its predecessors; and they cherish the pleasing expectation that their efforts have not been made in vain.

In the nature of the literary portion of this work, and in the style and character of the embellishments, the Editor has continued his endeavours to render it interesting, instructive, and permanently valuable. To the admirers of rare intellectual endowments, consecrated to the highest objects of benevolence and piety, it is believed the portraits of the amiable and highly gifted Author of "Mammon," and of the lamented

PREFACE.

Mrs. Fletcher, late Miss Jewsbury, will be peculiarly acceptable; nor will the view of the scene and monument of the labours of the indefatigable Neff, and the instructive notice given by his honoured biographer, be less so to every one who is able to appreciate the moral heroism of that truly apostolic man; while all who are accustomed to observe the great movements of human society, and to mark the epochs in the history of nations, will regard with deep interest the representation of the African Witnesses before the Senators of our land, and the record of the honourable conduct of our Government towards the nations to which they belonged.

Having been able thus to enrich the present volume with subjects of deep interest and lasting worth, the Proprietors have much satisfaction in presenting to the Public **THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE** for 1838.

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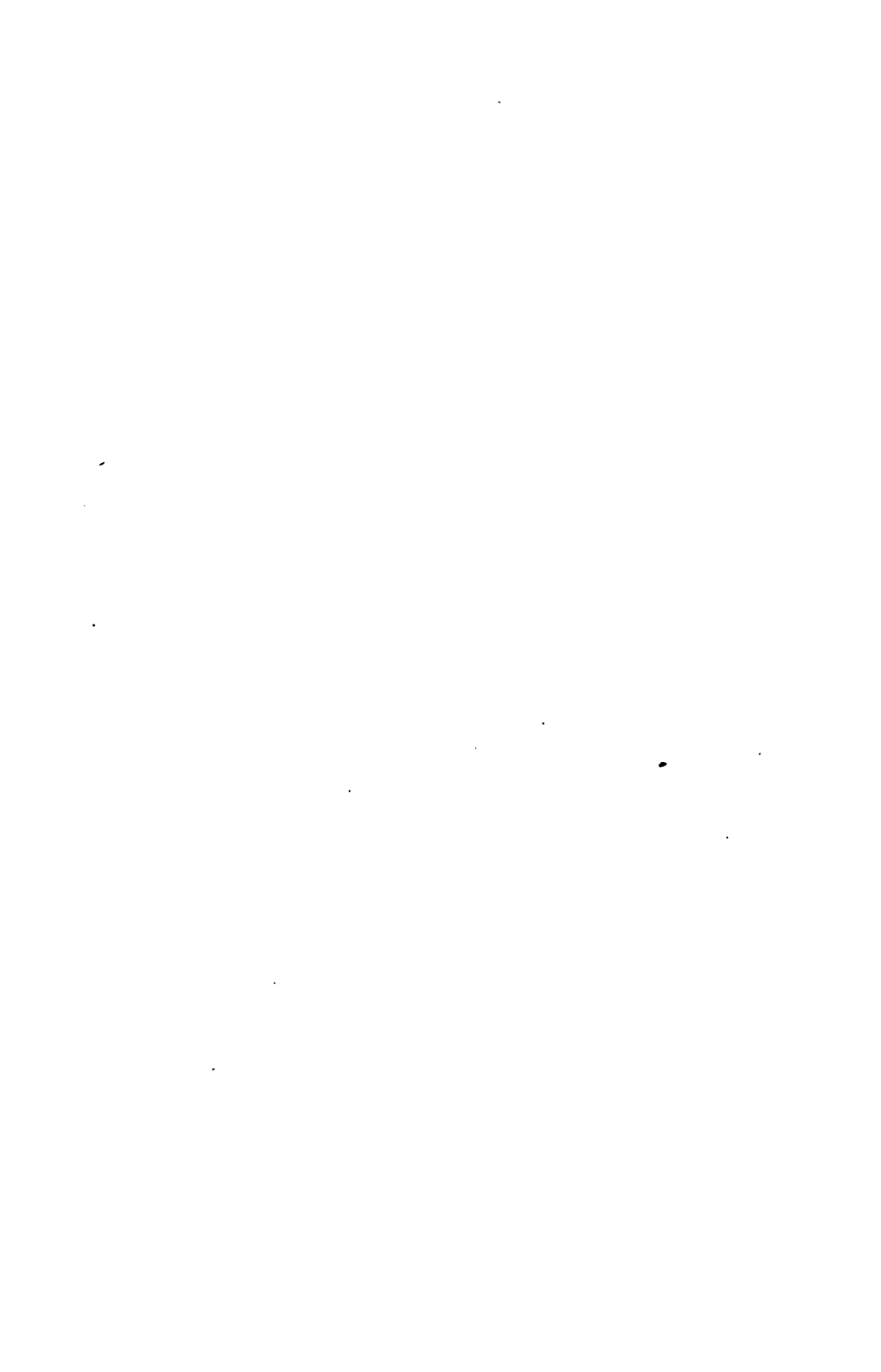
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THE AFRICAN WITNESSES.

WHEN the Dutch, in the middle of the seventeenth century, established themselves at the Cape of Good Hope, they found the aborigines a people of simple habits and comparatively mild and inert disposition. They were not, like the inhabitants in many parts of the interior, united under one sovereign, but consisted of a number of separate tribes, living under independent chiefs, and occupying distinct portions of the country. The original occupants of the south-eastern extremity of Africa, whom the Europeans called Hottentots,* were unacquainted with agriculture, and supported themselves and their families by hunting, and the produce of their herds, that grazed unmolested, except by the wild beasts of the desert, in the rich and extensive pastures of the country. The number of cattle possessed by the natives may be inferred from a notice contained in the journal of Van Riebeck, the first governor of the colony, who, while looking out from the mud walls of his fortress at Cape Town upon their herds, could not but express his "astonishment at the ways of Providence, which could bestow such very fine gifts upon the heathen." The dwellings of the Hottentots were huts of the simplest structure, consisting of a few boughs or poles fixed in the earth, and covered with a matting of rushes: the whole was slightly put together, for the sake of greater con-

* According to Barrow, the name *Hottentot* is a fabrication, and has neither place nor meaning in the native language, and is only used by the people under the idea of its being a Dutch word.

venience in removing from one part of the country to another, as pasturage for their cattle might be more or less abundant. Their dress was in keeping with their habitations, rude and simple : a sort of cloak, or kaross, formed of sheep-skins, sewed together with threads made from the sinews of animals, served its wearer for clothing by day and bedding by night. Their weapons were a bow and arrows, and a light spear or dart called an assagai. They were fearless hunters, maintaining a constant and successful warfare with the ferocious beasts of the forest, and manifesting no ordinary degree of daring intrepidity in opposing the early intruders to their country ; they defeated Almeida, the first viceroy of the Portuguese in India, killing the viceroy and seventy-four of his men near the spot where Cape Town now stands ; afterwards they courageously, though unsuccessfully, opposed the Dutch colonists in the first attempts of the latter to take possession of the country.

The arrival of the foreigners was to the natives, as the same event has too often been to the aborigines of other countries, the omen of extinction to many of their tribes, and of wretchedness and suffering to all. The Dutch at first entered the country as friends, and, we are told, easily obtained from the natives, for a few trinkets, and flasks of brandy, as much land as they then required ; and when a portion of the country was ceded, and peace established, intercourse was amicably maintained for a number of years ; the natives having kept with exact fidelity the engagements they had entered into. At length the Dutch settlers began to spread themselves over the country, while armed expeditions against the natives, for the sake of obtaining their cattle, were undertaken to such an extent, that the government refrained from punishing the delinquents, because, as the governor stated in a despatch transmitted in 1702, " half of the colony would be ruined, so great is the number of the inhabitants implicated."

Such has been the unrelaxed determination with which the territory of the natives has been seized, that though, at the beginning of the last century, the whole colony was confined to the neighbourhood of Table Bay, and extended but a few miles from Cape Town ; now, with a population of one hundred and forty or fifty thousand souls, it contains more square miles than England, Ireland, and Scotland put together.

Finding, as a recent writer on this subject observes, that numbers of boors, despite of all law, had overstepped the old limits, the governor of the colony, in 1798, removing the boundary to the Great Fish-river, took 10,000 square miles from the tribes on the eastern frontier, and added them to the lands of the colony. In 1819 the boundary was extended to another river, the Kieskamma, and thus 2000 square miles more were taken from the natives ; and in 1835 the colony was still further extended by the seizure of another province, containing 7000 square miles more.

On the northern limits of the colony, the Commissioners of inquiry reported in 1826 that " the increase of territory chiefly derived from lands occupied by the Bushmen, (a branch of the Hottentot race,) could not be estimated at less than 48,000 square miles." But this was not sufficient, and because the boors had proceeded with their flocks and herds beyond this limit, and had asked for locations thereon, another portion was in 1835 taken possession of by the governor, and added to the colonial territory.* Thus the entire country, originally belonging to

* Speaking of the wrongs of this portion of the native tribes, Mr. Kay, a Missionary who laboured many years in South Africa under the auspices of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, remarks, " Thus have the scattered remains of the Bushman tribe been completely bereft of their territory, and left in wretchedness extreme. Having traversed the very grounds alluded to, and witnessed the workings of the evil which has now come down upon them with such distressing weight, we know

the Hottentot race, with the exception of the arid deserts, where the Namacquas and Corannas still reside, has been taken possession of by the Europeans.

But the loss of country was only one of the melancholy calamities which the arrival of the Europeans brought upon the natives; their flocks and herds passed by degrees from their hands, and the remnant of the people themselves, that escaped the bullets of the destroyers, were reduced to a state of hopeless servitude, "in some respects more intolerable than colonial slavery of the ordinary description." Speaking of the abject state of bondage of the Hottentots, in 1798, Barrow observes, "These weak people, the most helpless, and in their present condition perhaps the most wretched, of the human race, duped out of their possessions, their country, and their liberty, have entailed on their miserable offspring a state of existence, to which that of slavery might bear the comparison of happiness."

whereof we affirm, when we say, that their misery is altogether indescribable. It may be worth while just to mark the different steps by which we have at length reached the measure above mentioned. 1. Numerous bands of colonists are permitted, from time to time, and at pleasure, to trespass upon their lands, with thousands of horses, sheep, and cattle.—2. To take possession of their fountains, which in that country and climate are invaluable.—3. To destroy their game, which constitute the Bushman's chief subsistence; and now, finally, their domains are unceremoniously seized, because, forsooth, "very earnestly prayed for" by men who, as every body knows, have from time immemorial been hunting them down like partridges upon the mountains; and because furthermore, it is deemed "a very beneficial arrangement for the public interests!" But where now shall we find the rightful owners? Why, far beyond the ordinary range of men. Having been robbed of all the rights of men, and indeed of all but life, and in thousands of instances of that also, they have been compelled to seek refuge and dwelling-places in the glens of the desert, in the thickets of the jungle, or in the clefts of the rock."

Kay's Statement of the Caffres' Case, p. 61.

Another witness quoted by Pringle, speaking of their treatment at that period, remarks, "When a Hottentot offended any boor or boores, he was immediately tied up to the wagon-wheel, and flogged in the most barbarous manner. Or if the master took a serious dislike to any of these unhappy creatures, it was no uncommon practice to send out the Hottentot on some pretended message, and then to follow, and shoot him on the road." This was the kind of treatment they frequently received, and, more than once driven to despair, the Hottentots sought to revenge themselves upon their oppressors; but their attempts were invariably followed by the infliction of still more barbarous cruelties. Such generally, not indeed universally, was the treatment by which the aborigines were then reduced to a state of degradation and wretchedness surpassed in debasement only by the heartless barbarities of many of the Europeans, who, pretending to believe that the natives were destitute of the qualities and excluded from the rights of human beings, found no difficulty in classing them with the beasts of the forest, and destroying them without compunction, that they might retain undisturbed possession of their country.

The only consideration from which their lives have often been either spared or preserved, seems to have been, that in a state scarcely above that of the oxen or the dogs, they might perform every species of labour and drudgery in the dwellings or farms of those who now occupied the lands on which the herds of their ancestors had formerly grazed in freedom. The spirit of extermination seemed to be the spirit of the system pursued, with few exceptions, by the government towards the native tribes, and but for the counteracting influence of the spirit of Christian philanthropy, and the efforts it has induced on their behalf, the remnants of the Hottentot races would have been on the verge of annihilation, or in a state of bondage to which, in many instances, death itself would have been preferable.

Amongst the earliest efforts of a missionary character on behalf of the natives of South Africa, were those of Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Read, sent out by the London Missionary Society, at the end of the last century. Dr. Vanderkemp commenced his mission in 1798 among the Caffres, but subsequently removed to Bethelsdorp, in a part of the country formerly belonging to the Hottentots, and commenced a station for the benefit of the latter. This Institution, besides being the means of spreading among the people a large amount of religious knowledge, has proved an asylum from oppression—a citadel of freedom, in which the liberties of the aborigines have been protected; hence whence the Kat River settlement, the most flourishing Hottentot community, derived a large number of its active and intelligent inhabitants. Mr. Read has recently visited England, after an absence of thirty-six years, and, in his evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons, having spoken of the state of the people up to the time that the colony was, by the treaty of Amiens, in 1801, restored to the Dutch, he continues—

“ On the arrival of the Dutch, Dr. Vanderkemp commenced a correspondence with General Janssen, at his (the general's) request, upon the subject of the sufferings and general state of the Hottentots, and continued his representations till they displeased the general, who called him and myself to Cape Town, and refused to let us return to Bethelsdorp; and, as we were looking out for a ship to go to Madagascar, the English expedition of 1806 arrived, and gave us our liberty. General Baird was very kind, and allowed us to return immediately, and gave us every aid we needed. The Hottentots breathed for a while, but oppression and cruel barbarity continued. In 1810, I wrote to a friend in England, stating two or three cases of murder and maltreatment which had been related to me, which were published in an English periodical. The home government took notice of them, and ordered Lord Caledon, then governor, to investigate the grievances of the Hottentots. Dr. Vanderkemp and I were called to Cape Town, and gave in accounts of upwards of one hundred murders, with very many cases of maltreatment. and instances of cattle and wages being withheld from the

Hottentots. Lord Caledon at once saw the necessity of establishing a court of circuit, to administer justice in the distant districts, which was done instantly, and the cases were gone into. The most of the murders had taken place under the former English government, or under the Batavian government, and could not, it was said, be punished; and another reason assigned was, that the Hottentots not being admitted to an oath, their evidence could not be taken; nevertheless, some murders committed under the then existing government were proved, and the guilty punished with one year's imprisonment: the maltreatment in some cases was proved, and the perpetrators punished with a fine; and the Hottentots procured a vast number of their cattle, and a great deal of their wages, that had been withheld. In 1811, when at Cape Town about the affairs of the Hottentots, Dr. Vanderkemp died. The lands given to Bethelsdorp were barren—the missionaries had no choice—the place was given by General Janssen, yet the Hottentots began to improve rapidly, so that a store-keeper in the neighbourhood stated, in 1815, that he received annually from the Hottentots of Bethelsdorp 20,000 rix-dollars (£1500) for clothing, &c.; this was besides what they spent elsewhere."

After the period mentioned by Mr. Read, the Hottentots experienced some amelioration in their condition, but they were still greatly oppressed, until 1828, when the fiftieth colonial ordinance was issued by General Bourke, and confirmed by an order in council from home, placing the Hottentots by law on the same footing as other free subjects of his majesty in the colony. Since the passing of that ordinance, though not exempt from oppression, their circumstances have been greatly improved.

Soon after the passing of the act for the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, the attention of many of the benevolent friends of the African and other native tribes was directed to the effects which had followed the intercourse of civilized with uncivilized men in different parts of the world, more especially in countries bordering on our own colonies; to the principles on which such intercourse had generally been conducted, and the

means by which it might be rendered in future honourable to ourselves, and beneficial to the most distant nations. In July, 1834, the subject was considered by the British parliament, and an address to his majesty, in relation to the same, was unanimously agreed to.

This led to the appointment of a select committee, for the purpose of prosecuting an inquiry, highly honourable to the nation, and replete with promise to the tribes with whom we may be brought into contact—namely, “to consider what measures ought to be adopted with regard to the native inhabitants of countries where British settlements are made, and to the neighbouring tribes, in order to secure to them the due observance of justice, and the protection of their rights—to promote the spread of civilization—and to lead them to the peaceful, voluntary reception of the Christian religion.”

The Rev. Dr. Philip, superintendent of the missions of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, well known as the consistent and intrepid advocates of the natives, who had, with others, exerted himself successfully in securing their civil liberty, as well as in imparting many religious advantages, having been required to attend the committee of the House of Commons, returned to this country in the spring of 1836. Dr. Philip was accompanied by two natives of South Africa, both intelligent and Christian men, who had for many years enjoyed the benefit of instruction by Dr. Vanderkemp and other missionaries in their native country. These intelligent Africans availed themselves of the return of Dr. Philip to visit England, for the purpose of making known the state of the nations to which they respectively belonged, and exciting greater interest in their behalf.

Andries Stoffles was a Hottentot nearly sixty years of age, about the middle stature, stout but active, with a countenance remarkably intelligent and expressive. He had suffered much himself, and had often wept over the miseries of his countrymen,

especially those who had not shared the advantages of the missionary institutions in which he had resided. At an early period, after he had been induced to attend the teaching of the missionaries, religious truth appears to have exerted a decisive and salutary influence over his mind, leading him to profess himself a disciple of the Saviour, and enabling him, under many disadvantages and temptations, to maintain, through Divine goodness, his Christian profession unsullied, and to preserve the general esteem of his countrymen, till the close of his life. He was admitted to the fellowship of the church in 1815, and for six years previous to his visiting England had sustained, with great benefit to the people, the office of a deacon in the community of Hottentot Christians at the Kat River, where 400 are united in Christian fellowship. His family had been among the first settlers at the Kat River; and for the prosperity of that settlement, his experience, influence, and efforts had been constantly employed, especially in promoting education, and extending to every location the advantages of religious instruction. In common with all the inhabitants of this important settlement, he had mourned over the disastrous effects of the unjust, capricious, and arbitrary detention of the missionaries from their station, after the termination of the war with the Caffres; and to ask from the equity and honourable feeling of the government at home, the privilege of their return, which had been denied by the governor in the colony, was one of his chief objects in visiting this country.

Jan Tzatzoe is a chief of the Amacosæ Caffres, who amount to about 230,000 souls. Their country borders on that formerly belonging to the Hottentots. In early youth Tzatzoe was placed by his father under the care of Dr. Vanderkemp, by whom he was ever regarded with peculiar affection and solicitude. At twenty-four years of age there is reason to believe he became a decided Christian. In 1816 he accompanied

Mr. Williams, the missionary, to Caffreland. For the last ten years he has been associated with Mr. Brownlee at the Buffalo River, and has proved an able assistant in the mission.

In the late disastrous war between the colony and the Caffres, Tzatzoe espoused the cause of the English, and led forth his men to their aid; yet, when hostilities ceased, and he returned, he found his house, and the cultivated grounds, which he had stocked with fruit-trees, taken possession of by the government, and he was directed to fix his dwelling in another and an uncultivated part of his own hereditary land. To obtain the restoration of these, or some compensation, and to solicit further assistance in promoting the moral and spiritual improvement of his countrymen, he was induced to accompany Dr. Philip to this country.

Early in the summer of 1836, Dr. Philip and his companions were repeatedly called to appear before the Committee of the House of Commons.* The evidence given on these occasions has, by order of parliament, been already published, and will be found of great importance in the consideration of the questions to which the attention of the committee was directed. Andries Stoffles delivered his testimony with great

* The plate at the commencement of this account, representing the appearance of the African Witnesses before the committee, is from a painting by Room, procured by subscription among the friends of Dr. Philip, and presented to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. The scene is in one of the rooms where the committee, of which T. F. Buxton, Esq. was chairman, held its sittings. Tzatzoe is in the act of giving his evidence. At the opposite end of the table is the Rev. James Read, jun., who acted as interpreter for the chief, who spoke and wrote before the committee in the Dutch language. Dr. Philip is seated in the foreground, on the right, and Stoffles occupies a chair behind the table at the end of which Tzatzoe is standing. The Rev. James Read, sen., is standing behind the chair on which Stoffles is seated. The likenesses are exceedingly good, especially those of the Hottentot and the Caffre chief.

animation and feeling, but evident sincerity ; and the Chief gave his evidence with that simple dignity and frankness which a consciousness of the truth of his own statements, and a confidence in the integrity and justice of his auditors, could not fail to inspire. Evidence demonstrating, beyond doubt or contradiction, the absence of all foundation for some of the statements that had been made against him, was produced : his evidence was listened to with the most respectful attention, and there was a general impression, that the nation to which he belonged, notwithstanding the barbarities and superstitions which still prevailed, would, in regard to intellectual faculties, suffer nothing by comparison with more highly civilized and powerful communities.

The following extracts, taken from different parts of the printed evidence of the Chief, will shew the kind of questions proposed by the committee, and the manner in which they were answered. The evidence of Stoffles was painfully instructive and affecting, though comparatively brief. A large portion of Tzatzoe's examination related to the late war with his nation ; but on this subject, one answer—his reason for not taking any part on either side at first—must suffice.

Will you mention the reasons which induced you to refrain from taking any part with your countrymen against the colony ?—In the first place I am a Christian, and the word of God tells us not to fight, or to shed blood ; and that is the first reason why I sat quiet.

Again, after being questioned on the extent and effects of Missionary labours in Caffraria, and more particularly among his own tribe, and whether any places of worship had been erected ; he was asked, and answered as follows :—

How many ?—One church among my own tribe, and then Mr. Ross had a station in the neighbourhood.

What was the capacity of that place of worship ?—It was great ; much longer than this room.

How many persons would it accommodate?—Three hundred, and some of the people would sit under the trees on the outside.

Did that number of persons usually attend divine service on the Sabbath?—Yes.

Did the Missionaries establish an infant school?—Yes, my daughter was the teacher of an infant school.

How many children were there in that school?—About one hundred.

Was there any school for older children?—Yes.

How many scholars were in that school?—Between thirty and fifty.

When you were summoned to attend this committee, was that summons unexpected by you?—I expected it.

Did you not come to England understanding that this committee was sitting with the view of being examined before it?—Yes.

You were told at the Cape of Good Hope that a committee of this sort was setting?—Yes.

Who told you?—I saw it in the newspapers.

Did you ask any advice as to the mode of examination in these committees, and how you should give your answers?—I did not inquire, for I knew that those people could not tell me; if they were to tell me that it was so, the questions would be put otherwise.

Is your father also a Caffre chief?—Yes.

Is he alive now?—Yes.

How come you to be the chief, seeing that your father is alive?—My father is too old; he says "that he cannot speak more, and that I must speak; that he is now an old woman."

How many years have you taken the reins of government?—I have governed since I came back to Caffreland.

How many years is that ago?—Ten or twelve years since.

Have you taken the oath of allegiance to the king?—Yes.

Are you a field cornet at this moment?—Yes.

Under such circumstances, did you get permission of the colonial government to come to this country?—Yes, I got permission from Colonel Smith to go to Cape Town; and when I came to the Cape, I got permission from the governor to come to England.

Do you appear before the committee here as a Missionary, to advocate the cause of the Caffres?—I sit here as an assistant Missionary, and a Caffre chief.

Who desired you to preach?—When I felt the power of the word of

God, I went to the boors and to the Hottentots, and I preached what God had done unto me; and so the Missionaries engaged me, and said, "You can do that work."

Do you believe that for all the injuries which Europeans have done to the natives of Africa, a recompence may be made in the shape of Christian instruction?—This is not my part to say; I come here to complain.

Has any portion of your land been seized by the government?—Yes.

What was the extent of land that was taken away from you?—Mr. Young knows the localities, and he would know the extent. I could say how far my country extends, but I could not say how many miles.

Did your own residence and the Mission premises stand upon the ground that has been taken away, and upon which King William's Town now stands?—Yes. A house that Colonel Smith now occupies, was Mr. Browlee's, and my house is their stable at present.

What reasons did they give to you, who was an ally of the British government, for taking away your land?—There was no reason that I know of, for they did not speak to me, to tell me why they took the country.

Did you ever complain of the hardships you suffered in the taking away your land?—No.

Why did you not complain?—I did not complain, because the town was built without my being consulted: and a place was appointed to me where I was to stay, without my being consulted. Then I said, "I will stay near the town" and the governor said; "No, you must go to a greater distance from the town." And I thought—this is enough.

Did you not come to this country for the purpose of complaining?—Yes.

Why did not you complain to the governor at the Cape before you came here?—I thought it was enough that the governor knew that I had no part in the war, that I was not guilty, and he should have known that.

Did not you think that the governor would have done you justice, if you had made your complaint known to him?—No, he would not have done it, as he took the ground without having any right to it.

How came you to think that the government in England would be more ready to do you justice than the government at the Cape?—Because from the time of Dr. Vanderkemp to this time, the Missionaries

entered our domestic circles, and attended our religious assemblies as Christians, and they have been affectionately and cordially welcomed as brethren by Christians of every denomination; their intelligent and pious conversation have gladdened the hearts of all who have had intercourse with them, and their truly exemplary deportment has exemplified the influence of the gospel on their own hearts. New demonstrations have been given of the power of the gospel, new motives to engage in its propagation have been supplied, and firmer hopes inspired of its speedy extension throughout the world. The impassioned eloquence of the Hottentot, in particular, has produced impressions on the minds of many who listened to his address, that will, probably, never be forgotten. In the month of August, 1836, a public meeting was convened in Exeter Hall, London, for the purpose of receiving statements from Dr. Philip and his friends in reference to the state and prospects of the missions in South Africa. Addressing that crowded assembly on the effects of the gospel, he spoke thus :—

“I wish to tell you what the Bible has done for Africa. When the Bible came amongst us, we were naked; we lived in caves and on the tops of the mountains; we had no clothes, we painted our bodies with red paint. At first we were surprised to hear the truths of the Bible. The Bible charmed us out of the caves, and from the tops of the mountains. The Bible made us throw away all our old customs and practices, and we lived among civilized men. We are tame men now; we know there is a God. I have travelled with the Missionaries in taking the Bible to the Bushmen, and other nations. When the word of God has been preached, the Bushman has thrown away his bow and arrows. I have accompanied the Bible to the Caffre nation; and when the Bible spoke, the Caffre threw away his shield and all his vain customs. I went to Latakoo, and they threw away all their evil works, they threw away their assagais, and became the children of God. The only way to reconcile man to man, is to instruct man in the truths of the Bible. I say again, the Bible is the light, and where the Bible comes, the minds of men are enlightened. Where the Bible is not,

there is nothing but darkness; it is dangerous, in fact, to travel through such a nation. Where the Bible is not, man does not hesitate to kill his fellow; he never even repents afterwards of having committed murder. I thank you to-day: I do nothing but thank you to-day. Are there any of the old Englishmen here who sent out the word of God? I give them my thanks; if there are not, I give it to their children. Your Missionaries, when they came to us, suffered with us, and they wept with us, and they struggled for us, till they obtained for us the charter of our liberties—the fiftieth Ordinance. [The animation with which the last clause of this sentence was uttered by Andries Stoffles, produced a deep sensation throughout the whole auditory.] When the fiftieth Ordinance was published, we were then brought to the light. Then did the young men begin to learn to write and read. Through that ordinance we got infant-schools, and our little infants have been instructed, and they are making progress in learning. You, the posterity of the old Englishmen, I address you on this occasion; I am standing on the bones of your ancestors, and I call upon you, their children, to-day, to come over and help us. Do you know what we want? We want schools and school-masters—we want to be like yourselves.”

At the same meeting, Edward Baines, Esq., M.P. for Leeds, also a member of the Committee by which the Hottentot and the Caffre had been examined, delivered the following honourable testimony in their favour:—

“The Caffre chief also, (he said,) had given his evidence with an artlessness and dignity which proved that he was indeed a *Chief*. . . . There was about the evidence of the chief that which showed that he had the interest of his nation at heart—that he came here imbued with a truly noble spirit, and with the desire of communicating that spirit to others, and of teaching us how we might make the Aborigines of Africa happy, instead of rendering their country desolate. He had taught us a great lesson in political economy. He had told us that, by doing justice to the people of Africa, we should induce them to become our customers and friends. In this way the African chief had imparted knowledge to the British Senate.

“These witnesses did not assume to be the instructors of the Aborigines Committee, but they did in reality impart to them much valuable instruction; and he would venture to predict, that from this day for-

ward there never would be heard complaints of the driving of the native inhabitants from one river to another, of usurping and seizing their cattle, and of appropriating their territory. He could not sufficiently impress upon the meeting the beneficial consequences of the visit of the persons, now before them, to Europe. They had given information as to the state of their country, and imparted a tone to the public feeling as to the wrongs of the native inhabitants in our colonies, that would never be obliterated."

In the autumn of 1836, it became evident that the health of Stoffles would not allow of his continuance in England, and he embarked for his native country, in company with the Rev. James Read, jun., on the 7th of November. The voyage was beneficial; but he suffered a relapse while at Cape Town, and died on the 18th of March, at Green Point, on his way to the Kat River: his end was peace. Tzatzoe is now on his way back. The Caffre nation has received, so far as the seizure of territory was concerned, all the justice and restitution that the British government could award; the country so unjustly taken from them has been restored, and the most friendly relations entered into with the rulers and people. Anxious to benefit his countrymen, Tzatzoe has taken back, not, as has been too often the case, arms and ammunition, but tools and implements of husbandry, the axe and the spade, the pruning-hook and the plough, with books, and all the apparatus for schools. He will be welcomed with the most cordial affection by the chiefs and people of his nation, who are in a state of most intense anxiety about his return; and he will be followed by the prayers and benedictions of all good men, who will feel a deeper interest than ever in all that tends to the civilization of Africa, and the accomplishment of the promise which declares, that "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God."

“ THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”

Is there not rest within our cottage dwelling ?
 Is there not rest beneath its trellised shade ;
 Where viewless birds with wild glad notes are swelling
 The echoes by the murmuring river made,
 That laves our garden-foot ; still shedding round
 A dewy freshness through the calm profound ?

Is there not rest for one, whose best affection
 Is deeply shared by him on whom bestowed ;
 Whose smile has still the power to chase dejection
 From this our calm, our beautiful abode ?
 In strife and turmoil lies the world around :
 But here, oh ! surely here, may rest be found.

How beautifully bright the sunbeam glancing
 Casts rosy radiance through the apple-bloom ;
 O'er the cool ripple on the waters dancing,
 Wakening each floweret to more rich perfume !
 How soft the green of yonder velvet plain—
 An Eden of repose from care and pain !

All is at rest—save one dear tone of gladness,
 Which ever and anon breaks on mine ear,
 One—wanting which, my home would be all sadness—
 His blessed voice, which makes that home so dear !
 All else is hushed, save the thanksgiving poured
 By grateful hearts to their all-gracious Lord.

Yet even here a breath may blight the roses :

Dark hours may visit even this cloudless scene ;
And all on which my glance in love reposes

May change, and pass as if it ne'er had been !
A still small voice, that may not be repress,
Whispers, " Oh ! child of earth, not *here* thy rest."

" Here all thy best beloved may fade before thee ;

" Here sin and death may sully all thy bliss ;

" Here bright hours fleet, which time may ne'er restore
thee :

" Look up—*there is* a surer rest than this,

" Only here live, on heavenly love relying,

" And there thine earthly love shall live undying."

A. X. P.



T. Allen.

DRIFT FROM "SAINTS" BY THE GREENVILLE TEXTILE FACTORY
BURGER-HOOS, ON THE TOWER OF HEADS.
Island of Cuba, 1870.

E. Reisinger.

THE TOWER OF HUMAN HEADS,

IN THE ISLAND OF JERBI.

BY T. W. AVELING.

THE origin of this singular tower is generally ascribed to the fierce revenge by which the inhabitants of this island were incited, after they had obtained a victory over an army of the Spaniards, that, failing in reducing the city of Tripoli, against which it had been sent in 1561, made an attack upon Jerbi, and in the most wanton and cruel manner sacked the town and butchered the inhabitants. Scattered in various directions, and confident in their strength, they were suddenly surprised by a party of the islanders, who, rallying at a distance from the town, and led on by their chief, Yokdah, whose daughter had been brutally treated by one of the Spanish officers, massacred an immense number of the enemy. Most of those who escaped to the ships were taken by the Turkish fleet, which met them at a short distance from Jerbi, and succeeded in capturing all the Spanish vessels except five, which bore to their country the disastrous intelligence of the total failure of the expedition.

The heads of those who fell in the island were all collected, and cemented together, forming a tower, as represented in the accompanying plate. Through the lapse of time, and the

action of the sea, it is much diminished in its dimensions, although it is said still to be about twenty feet high, and ten feet in diameter.

THE day wore heavily, but when evening came
Light fairy clouds were floating in the sky,
Silver-like glittering ; while with gorgeous vest
Of rainbow-coloured tints, the golden sun,
Bathing his radiant forehead in the waves,
Sunk to his nightly home.

There had been sounds
Of fearful import rolling o'er the sea ;
And with the ceaseless roar of rushing streams,
The battle-shout of warriors helmed and plumed—
The stifled groan—the shrill expiring cry—
The clarion's brazen voice—and rolling drum
Mingled harsh dissonance. The eager sword
Flashed in the sunlight, and on mailed brow
And golden-chained cuirass rung fitfully.
The sun's last ray from broken arms was flung,
And shivered swords along the pebbled shore
In wild confusion lay. There, side by side,
Iberia's warrior, with his deadly foe,
Lay mute and breathless, with the blood-stained brow
Bared to the open heaven. The waves around,
Dyed with the life-stream that from thousand wounds
Oozed silently, in crimson rolled away.

The conflict o'er—the rage of battle past—
Revenge yet deeper still his soul inspired,
As the stern victor walked amid the slain.
And soon uprose to meet the flashing eye

A ghastly tower along the wave-worn beach,
Where skulls were whitening in the howling blast,
And where the frightened seamew flapped her wing.
And still, though printed by the foot of time,
The lonely mariner, as o'er the waves
In his light bark he skims, directs the eye
To that dread tower, around whose shingled base
The reflux waves with hollow murmurs flow.

Oh, plume thy radiant wings, Religion mild !
Daughter of heaven ! enrobed in purest white !
And o'er the earth, with holy gifts for men,
Speed in thy flight, and haste the promised hour
When peace shall wave o'er all her silver wing ;
When happier scenes shall rise ; and one glad voice—
From the lone dwellers in the desert wild,
Or in the sunny vales, or on the hills,
Around whose hoary brows the tempests cling,
Or in the emerald isles that gem the seas—
Shall wake the rapturous chorus of the skies :
“ Earth is the Lord's, and they that dwell therein ;
The kingdoms of this world are now become
The kingdom of our God and of his Christ.”

MRS. FLETCHER,

LATE MISS JEWSBURY.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

MISS JEWSBURY, whose portrait stands as the frontispiece to the present volume, was a native of Warwickshire, born in the year 1800. In the early part of her life her family removed to Manchester, where she resided until the time of her marriage with the Rev. Kew Fletcher, on the second of August, 1832.

In contemplating the character of this distinguished woman, there appears little for the pen to record, but much for the mind to expatiate upon; and there are few individuals, amongst those who are capable of appreciating the depth, the extent, and the strength of her mental capabilities, who will not feel with the writer of this humble memorial, a disposition, not always rightly controlled, to regret that a star so bright and benignant in its influence, should have set to the world, before the fulness of its splendour was revealed. In the writings of Miss Jewsbury, brilliant and powerful as they are, we are struck more with what she might have been, than with what she was. Not merely with what she might have been as a writer, but as an experienced and exemplary Christian. By her own confession, in an affecting and characteristic letter, written a short time before her departure for India, she had *done nothing to live*; and

of the fragments of thought and feeling left behind her, it cannot be said that they prove, either collectedly or individually, what her mind was capable of working out. It may with more propriety be remarked, that they resemble specimens of the precious ore of some deep unfathomed mine, from whose wealth the world is now shut out for ever. The same impenetrable veil has been drawn between our eyes, and the full developement of her religious character. For though there is clear and satisfactory evidence, in the tone and character of her writings, that her mind was deeply impressed with the force of scriptural truth, and her heart secured against the many temptations to which her ardent nature was peculiarly liable, by a well-grounded religious faith, she was removed from this scene of spiritual conflict, before all the energies of her soul appeared to be fully matured, or devoted, as there is every reason to believe they would have been, to the highest and noblest purposes of existence. And thus we sorrow, perhaps with too much poignancy, over the early death of one so peculiarly calculated to adorn and improve the society of which we form a part; forgetting, that He who seeth not as man seeth, needs no ray of earthly splendour to add to the glory of his crown, and therefore, more compassionate than we are in our short-sightedness and folly, he not unfrequently quenches the rising splendour of human intellect, in mercy to the weak and suffering nature to which it is allied. It is probable, too, that the "early grave which men weep over," may afford a blessed deliverance from temptations, unknown except to the heart where they exist, and to Him who formed that heart, and who pities its manifold infirmities.

It is a well-known truth, that genius is a fearful, and sometimes fatal gift; and genius of that particular kind which distinguished the character of Miss Jewsbury, is, perhaps, the most to be feared in connexion with the happiness or misery of

its possessor. The author of the "Enthusiast" has, in that story, bequeathed to the world a striking and most melancholy picture of the ceaseless conflict, the insatiable thirst for what is unattainable, and the final wretchedness necessarily attendant upon the ungoverned ambition of superior intellect, when associated with the weakness, natural dependence, and susceptibility of woman. The character of Julia, with an injustice too frequently practised, has been identified with that of the authoress herself; and though, by her own confession, "the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after opinions" of her heroine are drawn from her own; we feel the highest satisfaction in turning from the dreary void to which this ideal being is consigned, to the indefatigable industry, the practical usefulness, and the religious zeal which imparted solidity and worth to the later years of the real "Enthusiast."

The most striking features in the character of Miss Jewsbury, were such as qualified her in an especial manner for shining in society. Naturally prone to satire, she looked upon the world, not with the tempered vision of one early initiated in its hackneyed customs; but, with the keen perception of an unsophisticated and self-tutored mind, she fearlessly assailed its absurdities, and sported with its follies like a child with its toys, until their impotence wearied him, and their frailty disappoints. It was then, in the midst of her playfulness, when her strong moral feelings were excited, that she seemed to possess an intuitive power of striking off, as it were, masses of thought, and scattering them amongst her hearers, with a rapidity of movement in all the operations of her own intellect, which, in the opinion of Wordsworth, was without its equal in any other mind. And this variety perpetually recurring, mingled also with a profound heart-searching melancholy, whose "boding voice" was ever reminding her of death and the grave,

rendered the seasons of intellectual communion with Miss Jewsbury like bright spots, in the existence of all who knew and loved her, never to be forgotten, and never to be effaced by their likeness to any thing on earth.

It is not for common-place, tame, and unimaginative minds to form an idea of what must have been the temptations to a being thus endowed, when surrounded by an admiring circle. That Miss Jewsbury's experience should, in many points, have too closely resembled that of her own "Enthusiast," can be no subject of surprise. The wonder is, (and would that all who wonder might learn to imitate as well as admire!) that, knowing and feeling herself to be thus endowed, she should have devoted her time, her care, and her affectionate attention, to the household duties of her father's family, until the total failure of her health rendered it a higher duty to withdraw from such arduous and unremitting occupations. Even then, when her recovery was despaired of, she was not idle; for she had a strong principle within her, perpetually prompting her to employ all the powers she was gifted with, in promoting the temporal and eternal benefit of her fellow-creatures. During her stay at Leamington she wrote her "Letters to the Young," many of them addressed to her own young friends, and all bearing evidence of a strong conviction of the importance and necessity of that entire devotedness of the heart to God, which this work so strenuously recommends.

It may be said, (for many unjust and unkind things are said of literary women,) that the love of fame might influence her even in the high and holy duty of recommending the religion of the Bible to the acceptance and adoption of youth; and rather than dispute this point, we turn again to her domestic character, and contemplate her at the age of nineteen, taking the sole management of a large family, the youngest of which was but a month

old. To this child, whose health was extremely delicate, she devoted herself with unremitting anxiety, and it is, humanly speaking, to her long and unceasing kindness that her youngest brother now owes his life. Yet at the same time, that there burned within her soul the unquenchable fire of a genius too powerful to be extinguished by the many cares of her arduous life, so fearful was she of being absorbed by any selfish pursuit, that she made it a point of conscience never to take up a book, until all her little charge had retired to rest for the night. With what avidity she then drank at the well of knowledge, may be inferred from the insatiable thirst for distinction which at a very early period of her existence filled her mind.

"I was nine years old," she says in the letter already alluded to, "when the ambition of writing a book, being praised publicly, and associating with authors, seized me as a vague longing." The desire of her heart in after years was granted, and what was the result? Not the satisfaction of having earned a rich reward, but keen regrets that she had not done better, and earned more. "I would gladly burn almost every thing I ever wrote," is her own affecting expression in the same letter, "if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, and thought, and suffered something at least approaching to a preparation." And then in what beautiful language does she lament her own past impatience in attempting to seize, without attaining, excellence. "Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree, to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst. I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, may mature, may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of

despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will.

‘I feel the long grass growing o’er my heart.’

In the best of every thing I have done, you will find one leading idea—*death*: all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow.”

And well was it for the gifted authoress that her thoughts had this peculiar bias; and merciful was the shadow thus cast upon her earthly path, as if to obscure the brilliance which her own genius shed around her, and veil from her eyes the allurements of a deceitful world. Had it been otherwise, in what a different state of mind, and feeling, and experience, might she have met her early death! for there was every thing in her own nature calculated to make her the idol of society; and but for such internal premonitions of her doom, she might have been the idol of society, and nothing more.

It is remarkable, that the same bias and tendency of thought should have pervaded with equal power the mind of a sister genius, destined to follow at a short distance the steps of her friend to the same house appointed to all living, and that the intimacy, which at a late period of their lives existed between Miss Jewsbury and Mrs. Hemans, should have been cemented by the sympathy of their souls, on what appears to have been to both, a subject of absorbing and profound interest—that of death and eternity. In describing the effect produced upon her own feelings by the tidings of Mrs. Fletcher’s decease, Mrs. Hemans uses the following expressive language: “It hung the more heavily upon my spirits, as the subject of death and the mighty future had so many times been that of our most confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up as it were in the recesses of her mind, than was ever

manifested to the world in her writings. Strange and sad does it seem that only the broken music of such a spirit has been given to the earth, the full and finished harmony never drawn forth ! ”

And many are the hearts that will echo a response to this exclamation. Yet when we reflect, that the elements of intellectual greatness are seldom allied to those of social and domestic happiness, especially in woman ; that there is a fervour and an impulse of feeling connected with high mental capabilities, at variance in their nature with the repose, and too often with the loveliness, of the female character,—we are willing to bow beneath the hand of Him who doeth all things well, without murmuring that he has added to the harmony of heaven, those strains which it is possible might never have been tuned on earth without some jarring chord.

As a writer Miss Jewsbury is well known to the world, and all comments upon her ability as an authoress must fall short of what she merits as an highly-gifted and intellectual woman. It may, therefore, be briefly remarked, that her mind, though imaginative, was not naturally poetical ; and though her style abounds in imagery, it wants the easy flow—the melody of poetic numbers. It is possible the movements of her mind were too rapid for verse, and the materials with which it worked out its purposes, too massive and ponderous to be associated with perfect harmony. The following stanzas on man will exemplify this defect, in conjunction with the magnitude and abruptness of thought in which it originated ; at the same time that they show how expansive, and how noble, were the subjects upon which her thoughts were exercised :—

“ Creation's heir ! ” the first, the last !
That knew the world his own ;
Yet stood he 'mid his kingdom vast
A fugitive o'erthrown !
Faded and frail the glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—sin !

Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear ;
But every star that sang his birth
Kept silence in its sphere :
He saw round Eden's distant steep
Angelic legions stray ;
Alas ! they were but sent to keep
His guilty foot away !

Then turned he reckless to his own,
The world before him spread ;
But nature's was an altered tone,
And spoke rebuke and dread.
Fierce thunder's peal, and racking gale,
Answered the storm-swept sea,
While crashing forests joined the wail,
And all said, “ Cursed for thee ! ”

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar,
And this, the victim's cry ;
This, written in defenceless gore,
For ever met his eye.

And not alone each fiercer power
Proclaimed just heaven's decree,
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said, "Cursed for thee!"

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength;
They too proclaimed the ban.
'Twas heard amid their hostile spears,
Owned in the murderer's doom,
Seen in the widow's silent tears,
Felt in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's after fate,
His being, birth, or name;
Enough that all have shared his state,
That man is still the same;
Still brier and thorn his life o'ergrow,
Still strives his soul within,
And pain, and care, and sorrow show
The same dark secret—sin.

It is in the prose writings of Miss Jewsbury that we are more frequently struck with those flashes of genius, and that bursting forth of powerful intellect, by which she was so strikingly distinguished from the more superficial writers of her day, and which gave promise of a degree of literary eminence which few women have attained. The story of the "Enthusiast," defective as it is in some respects, abounds in passages of this description; passages that strike the heart with an instantaneous conviction

of how much the writer of them must have thought, and felt, and suffered, in her own short experience of human life; and how much she must have learned in her eager quest after the knowledge of good and evil. The following description of society after it has been sought as the idol of an ambitious woman, though accompanied with the wildness of highly wrought enthusiasm, is strongly characteristic of her own mind; and while she makes her heroine speak for her, we cannot but suspect that the feelings she expresses had a deeper root than in the *imagination* of the author. "None know better than I do that this society is magnificent in its outward aspect, but in detail it will not bear inspection. The temple is barbaric, not Grecian; the worship is idolatrous, not Christian. It is a divinity gorgeous in apparel, but a fire is concealed within its hollow bosom, and whoso worships must cast therein the first-born of the soul's simplicity. Do not refer me to nature for the well-spring of beauty and consolation. I love her, but it is as a luxury—as an addition to other things; I could not be satisfied to live with her alone, and for her own sake. Besides, I deserted her once; and she does not, like Deity, call back her prodigals to her bosom. There is no voice in nature which says, 'Return, and I will receive you again.' Ah, what is genius to a woman, but a splendid misfortune! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration; but little respect, and no love, blends with it. However much as an individual she may have gained in name, in rank, in fortune, she has suffered as a woman. In the history of letters she may be associated with man, but her own sweet life is lost; and though in reality she may flow through the ocean of the world, maintaining an unsullied current; she is nevertheless apparently absorbed, and become one with the elements of tumult and distraction. She is a reed shaken with

the wind—a splendid exotic nurtured for display; she is the Hebrew whose songs are demanded in a strange land; Ruth standing, amid the alien corn; her affections are the dew that society exhales, but gives not back to her in rain; she is a jewelled captive, bright, and desolate, and sad!"

Who can read this description of the fate of an ambitious woman, without believing that the writer must herself have played upon the brink of that precipice, down which her heroine had plunged; and the more feelingly we contemplate the degree of suffering and temptation to which her own ardent nature was liable, the more we rejoice that she listened to the warnings of the still small voice, and retreated to a safe resting-place, and found that shelter and repose, which, beloved and admired as she was, she never could have enjoyed as the idol of society.

There is nothing more powerfully expressed in the writings of Miss Jewsbury, than her own deep sense of the utter emptiness and insufficiency of all earthly enjoyments. Even of human sympathy, she who must have proved its utmost worth remarks, in one of her earliest publications,—“It is indeed a frail evanescent thing, which we all over-estimate, until deep suffering convinces us of its little real worth. As the parent of charity, it may alleviate tangible evils, and diminish the sum of bodily sufferings. Food may relieve hunger; medicine may assuage sickness; money may convey warmth and plenty to the abodes of poverty; sympathy may smooth the surface of human sorrow; but its dark troubled depths must remain dark and troubled still. It cannot medicine the soul, and *there* lie all the griefs that kill.”—Again speaking through her imaginary “Enthusiast,” she says of “knowledge—ask, is it come to this! Knowledge, though it still invigorates my understanding, no longer fills my heart with unalloyed pleasure; it seems only to open my eyes to fresh

views of human crime and sorrow. And what is the office of poetry ? little other than to strew flowers over the various sepulchres in which the heart buries its dead. Yes, poetry may be ethereal in our nature, but it also enervates, and saddens ; it imparts poison in an odour ; it slays with a jewelled scymetar."

What, then, was left for one who had tried all things which her ambition had pointed out as desirable, and experienced, ere the prime of life, that all was vanity ? What but to choose that better part commended by the Saviour himself, when he accepted the precious ointment as the offering of a love, whose depth and devotedness he alone could comprehend.

In Miss Jewsbury's earliest connected work, entitled, "Phantasmagoria," much of her natural tendency to satire is exhibited, without the subdued and chastened feelings which imparted a deep interest to the productions of her riper years. It is said by those most intimately acquainted with her, that many of her best writings appeared anonymously in the periodicals of the day, and these she collected together previously to her departure for India, there is every reason to suppose, with the intention of having them republished under her own name. It is much to be regretted, that no complete edition of her works has yet appeared ; and if such be in preparation, it must be the ardent wish of every admirer of true genius, that they may fall into able and generous hands, capable of doing justice to so talented an author.

If neither the intellectual nor religious part of Miss Jewsbury's character was ever fully exhibited in her native country, there is a noble testimony on record, that, during her short but honourable career in India, the matured virtues of her heart and mind were brought into more powerful and efficient exercise. Sustained by that faith which gives strength to the feeble, and energy to the desponding, she devoted herself to her hus-

band through a severe and protracted illness ; and when disease was raging around her, and famine presented every aspect of wretchedness to her compassionate view, her abode was thronged by the native women and children, whose sufferings were not only commiserated, but as far as possible relieved. It was in this way that she sought to win the hearts of the people, as well as to gratify her own benevolent feelings ; to convince them that her religion was one which led those who received it to delight in binding up the broken-hearted, and comforting those that mourned, while she hoped to be able gradually to instil into their minds its important and sublime principles. But the term of her usefulness was near its close, and while compassionating the sufferings of others, she herself fell a victim to the same dreadful disease. Mrs. Fletcher died of the cholera, in her way from Sholapore to Bombay, on the 3d of October, 1833.

It is recorded, as one of the last acts of her valuable life, that while famine was desolating the neighbourhood of Sholapore, and her benevolence and charity were extending themselves in every available channel, a poor Hindoo, deprived by starvation of his wife and all his children, except one infant daughter, having crawled with this child in his arms to the foot of his idol, was found dead before the altar, as if arrested in the act of supplicating for relief. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher hastened to the spot—had the father buried, and the unconscious child thus literally found in the arms of death, they adopted as their own. During the short remaining period of her life, Mrs. Fletcher carefully and affectionately attended upon this orphan ; and it was one of the last acts of her benevolence to have it placed in a female missionary school.

POUR ELISA FRISELL,

La fille de mon ami, enterrée devant moi, hier, 16 Juin, au Cimetière
de Passy.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

IL descend, ce cercueil ; et les roses sans tâches,
Qu'un père y deposa, tribut de sa douleur !
Terre, tu les portas, et maintenant tu caches
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Ah ! ne les rend jamais à ce monde profane—
A ce monde de deuil, d'angoisse, et de malheur :
Le vent brise et flettrit, le soleil brûle et fane,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Tu dors, pauvre Elisa, si légère d'années !
Tu ne crains plus du jour le poids et le chaleur !
Elles ont achevé leurs fraîches matinées—
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Mais ton père, Elisa, sur ta cendre s'incline—
Aux rides de son front a monté la pâleur ;
Et, vieux chêne, le Temps fauche sur ta racine
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

TRANSLATION.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

SLOW sinks the coffin, with it's stainless rose
Strew'd by a father's hand, his sorrow's dower !
Earth, nurtured in thine arms, they now repose
Within thy breast—young maiden and young flower.

Give them not back to this vile world again,
This world where anguish wields so wide a power ;
Here by the scorching sun and torrent rain
Snapt, tarnish'd, fade—young maiden and young flower.

Thou sleep'st, Eliza, in thy early bed,
Fearless henceforth of noontide's sultry hour ;
The freshness of the dewy morn is fled,
Aye fled from both—young maiden and young flower.

By thy loved dust, thy sire's shrunk form is thrown ;
Paleness has blanch'd his furrow'd temples o'er :
Time at thy foot, ancestral oak, has strown
With equal scythe—young maiden and young flower.



John Harris.



THE REV. JOHN HARRIS.

THIS amiable and singularly gifted minister of the gospel, who has scarcely yet reached the prime and vigour of his days, was born at Ugborough, in the county of Devon, in the year 1804. Having in his youth experienced the decisive influence of religion on his own heart, he was led, at the age of nineteen, to consecrate his life to the service of his Saviour in the work of the Christian ministry. With this end in view, he entered, in 1823, as a student at Hoxton College. Here he pursued with exemplary diligence, and with increasing experience of the benign influence of Divine truth on his own mind, those studies which were deemed best adapted to enable him, under the blessing of the Most High, to discharge with efficiency and success the grave and important duties of the sacred vocation he had chosen. Having fulfilled his academic course, Mr. Harris, in the year 1827, entered upon the duties of the pastoral office at Epsom, in Surrey. In the sphere in which he commenced he has faithfully and uninterruptedly continued his ministerial labours, with increasing satisfaction and advantage to an affectionate people, and not without encouraging tokens of the Divine approbation.

For a long time the labours of Mr. Harris rarely extended beyond the boundaries of his pastoral charge; and the influence of those rare gifts with which the great Head of the church has so richly endowed him, was confined to the scene of his stated ministerial engagements, and its immediate neighbourhood; but within the last two years his services in the pulpit have been sought on the most important public occasions, by Christians

of various denominations, in the metropolis, and the most distant parts of the country, and, so far as his physical ability would admit, they have been cheerfully and effectively rendered.

It is, however, in the productions of his pen that Mr. Harris has shewn himself possessed of talents of the highest order, attended by no circumstances more conspicuous than the unassuming disinterestedness and Christian humility with which they have been exercised. He has thus practically exemplified, as well as powerfully inculcated, the great principles of Christian duty, which he has clearly and forcibly brought to operate upon the minds and consciences of other men; he has done this to a greater extent than any living writer, his works having obtained a circulation unparalleled among works of a similar kind, during an equal period of time, in the annals of our literature.

In confirmation of this opinion, it will be sufficient to notice, without referring to other productions of Mr. Harris's pen, his prize essay, "Mammon, or Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church;" a work, the appearance of which was most seasonable, and the subject of which is adapted to be eminently useful in the present state of the church, and its position in relation to the world. This has been justly described as "a work which had an interest created in its favour long before its publication; which started from the press as an intellectual giant, after obtaining the victory over a hundred and fifty competitors; which amply justified the award of the adjudicators (in every respect as competent for the task as any two men that could have been chosen,) the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. John Pye Smith, D. D."

The award was delivered on the 1st of May, 1836; the work was then put to press, and the piety and intelligence of the nation has, by calling into circulation, in little more than twelve months after the publication of the volume, 23,000 copies, added

their free and generous testimony in confirmation of the decision of the first adjudicators. No features of this admirable work afford higher satisfaction than the comprehensiveness of its range and the sublimity of its aim—the renovation of the church, and the enriching of the world. Supreme regard to these great objects still characterize the exertions of this devoted servant of Christ, and are brought prominently forward in his latest effort, a sermon from Isa. xliii. 12, “*Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God,*” preached before the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, and the East Lancashire Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society at Manchester, 1837. The justness of this remark will appear in the following extract from this truly valuable sermon:—

The Necessity for a Witnessing Church.

“The wants of the world are more urgent than ever; or, what amounts to the same thing in the matter of our responsibility, we are better acquainted with them, and our facilities for meeting them, as far as Christian instrumentality *can* meet them, are greater than ever. The map of the world, in the days of the Apostles, was only the map of a province, compared with that which lies open before us. Every geographical discovery since, has only served to enlarge our ideas of the great Satanic empire. Oh! in what a small minority does the Christian stand! What a fearful expanse of darkness around him!—and that darkness how dense!—and what hideous enormities does it conceal! *There*, cruelty has its chosen habitation, and feasts perpetually on human blood. There superstition has its temples, and its sacrifices of human suffering, and its music of human groans. There, sin has its priesthood—its ceremonials of murder, and its ritual of lust!

“By a very slight effort of the imagination, we can cause the hosts of evil to pass before us; and what a spectacle to behold!

First, come the Jews out of all nations under heaven, each with a veil over his heart, and stained with the blood of the Just One. Next, nominal Christians, by myriads, and from all parts of Europe, headed by one who drags a bible in triumph, as a dangerous book, and embraces an image, or an amulet, instead. Then comes the crescent of imposture, followed by Turkey and Persia, by large tracts of India, the islands of the Eastern sea, Egypt and northern Africa, the inhabitants of the largest and the fairest portions of the globe. After these, the swarthy tribes of Africa, central, western, and southern, with their descendants of the Western Indies, laden with the spells of witchcraft, and covered with the charms of their Fetish worship. Now come the aborigines of the two Americas, and the islanders of the great Pacific—fresh from the scalp-dance, the cannibal feast, or the worship of the snake-god. Next, the selfish Chinese, one-third of the species—in appearance all idolaters—in reality all atheists—a world of atheists, to whom all truth is a fable, and all virtue a mystery. Last comes India—the nations of southern Asia, and the many islands of the Eastern sea, a thousand tribes, including infanticides, cannibals, and the offerers of human blood, dragging their idol-gods, an endless train, with Juggernaut at their head, worn with the toil of their penances, and marked with the scars of self-torture. And who are these that close the train? The Thugs of India, just discovered—a vast fraternity of secret murderers—the votaries of Kalee, who has given one-half of the human race to be slaughtered for her honour. Oh, God, and is this *thy* world! Are these *thy* creatures! Where is thy church? Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, and thy church, appointed to declare thee, hath neglected to fulfil her trust! Christians, did you count their numbers as they passed? Six hundred millions at least. Did you ask yourselves, as they passed, whither they

were going ? Follow them, and *see*. Can you do so, even in imagination, without feeling an impulse to rush and erect the cross between them and ruin ? *That* is your office ; *that* is the great practical design for which the church exists, to go and testify this faithful saying, *that Christ has come to save them all*. “ Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.”

The Consequences of Success.

“ And, then, think what the consequences of that success would be. Civilization ? The missionary of the cross, indeed, is the missionary of civilization. This the gospel taught first at imperial Rome,—cleansing her amphitheatre of human blood ; and evincing that her boasted civilization had been only a splendid barbarism. Morality ? The missionary of the cross *is* the missionary of morality. The gospel produced charity even in Judea, humility at Athens, chastity at Corinth, humanity at Rome. And wherever it has gone, in our own day, liberty, morality, education, the arts of civilization, and the blessings of commerce, have followed in its train. It has extinguished the fires of the suttee, called away the cannibal from his unholy feast, and among its latest trophies are the broken slave-chains of a million of men. It elevates the barbarian into a man, and raises the man into a useful member of society. It turns the wandering horde of the wilderness into a civilized community, and calls it to take rank among the nations. There is but one art which the gospel does not promote ; as the peace-maker of the world, it steps between the ranks of war, and, taking the weapons of death away, it declares that men shall learn war no more ; and, joining their hands in amity, it says to them, “ Love as brethren.” Oh ! could mere human civilization effect results such as these, how soon would her image be set up, and what multitudes would fall down and worship ! But these are

triumphs for the gospel alone, and triumphs which it achieves incidentally, by aiming at greater things than these.

“The gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It raises the savage into the man by making him a new creature in Christ Jesus; it prepares him for civil society by making him a member of a Christian church. In the zeal of its new-found existence, that church becomes a witness for Christ to others; the word of God sounds forth in all its regions round about; and similar triumphs result, only to be followed by similar labours and triumphs again. Thus every step of present success is a new facility for a further advance, and an additional pledge of universal triumph.

“Oh, there is a day—call it the millennium, or by any other name—there is a period yet destined to bless the earth, when it shall no more be necessary to witness for God, for all shall know him; the knowledge of his glory shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. Happy state of Christian triumph!—a day without a cloud—the reproach of indolence wiped away from the church, and of ignorance from the world. Truth shall have completed the conquest of error—Christ shall have given law to the world—and, impressing his image on every heart, shall receive the homage of a renovated race. Brethren, these are visions—but they are the visions of God; and let nothing rob us of the inspiration to be derived from gazing at them. They are visions—but visions painted by the hand of God—dear in every age to the church of God—gazed on in death by the Son of God. Yes, then they were brought and set before him, and such was the joy with which they filled him, that he endured the cross, despising the shame. Then, on the lofty moral elevation of the cross, all the ages of time, and all the triumphs of his church, passed in review before him. He saw our missionaries go forth in his name to distant climes—again he looked, and

saw them surrounded by ten thousand converts to his grace. He saw the veil fall from the heart of the Jews ; and heard their bitter mourning as they stood looking at him whom they had pierced. He saw Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God ; and heard her, as the slave-chain fell from her loins, exulting in a double liberty. He heard his name shouted from land to land as the watchword of salvation, and marked how its every echo shook and brought down the pillars of the empire of sin. He saw the race of Ishmael that now traverses the desert tracts of Arabia—the castes of India with their numbers infinite—the national Chinese—the Tartar hordes—the unknown and snow-concealed inhabitants of the north—the tribes of Europe—and all the islands of the sea ; he saw them flocking into his kingdom—his grace the theme of every tongue—his glory the object of every eye. He saw of the travail of his soul, and was *satisfied* ; *his* soul was satisfied ! Glorious intimation ! Even in the hour of its *travail*, it was satisfied. What an unlimited vision of human happiness must it have been ! Happiness not bounded by time, but filling the expanse of eternity ! His prophetic eye caught even then a view of the infinite result in heaven ! His ear caught the far, far-distant shout of his redeemed and glorified church, singing, ‘ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain ! ’ Brethren, if we would do justice to our office as witnesses for God—if we would catch the true inspiration of our work—we, too, must often cross, as he did, the threshold of eternity—transport ourselves ten thousand ages hence into the blessedness of heaven, and behold the fruits of our instrumentality there, still adding new joy to angels, new crowns to Jesus, new tides of glory around the throne of God. Realizing that scene, we should gird up our loins afresh, as if a new command had come down from heaven, calling us by name to be witnesses for God.

The Obligations of the Church.

“Brethren, according to the theory of the Christian church, every one of its members is a witness for Christ. In making you, Christian, a partaker of his grace, he not only intended your own salvation—he intended the salvation of others by your instrumentality—he intended that you should go forth from his presence as a witness, conveying to the world the cheering intelligence that he is still pardoning and saving sinners—sitting on his throne of mercy, waiting to be gracious to them, as he has been to you. He says to you, in effect, “You have given yourselves to me, and I give you to the world—give you as my witnesses: look on yourselves as dedicated to this office—dedicated from eternity.” Brethren, your very *business*, as Christians, your *calling*, is to propagate your religion.

“Never was there an age when the wide field of human misery was so accurately measured, and so fully explored, as the present; and, consequently, there never was a time when the obligation of the Christian church to bring out all its divine resources and remedies, was so binding and so great. Never was there an age when science attempted so much, and promised so largely—challenging the gospel, in effect, to run with it a race of philanthropy; and, consequently, never was there a time when it so much concerned the church to vindicate her character as the true angel of mercy to the world; and to shew that, not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of God, the wounds of the world must be healed. Never was there a time when the elements of universal society exhibited so much restlessness and change,—when the ancient superstitions exhibited so many signs of dotage and approaching death,—when the field of the world was so extensively broken up, and ready for cultivation; broken up, not by the ordinary ploughshare of human

instrumentality, but by strange convulsions from beneath, and by bolts from an invisible hand above; and, consequently, never was there a time which so loudly called on the Christian sower to go forth and sow. And never was there a land blessed with such peculiar facilities as Britain, for acting as a witness for Christ to the world. Why is it that the gospel is at this time in trust with a people whose ships cover the seas,—who are the merchants of the world? Has he who drew the boundaries of Judea with his own finger,—who selected the precise spot for the temple,—who did every thing for the Jewish church *with design*, abandoned the Christian church to accident? And, if not, if he has placed the gospel here with design, what can the nature of that design be, but that it should be borne to the world on the wings of every wind that blows? Say, why is it that Britain, and her religious ally, America, should divide the seas,—should hold the keys of the world? Oh, were we but awake to the designs of God, and to our own responsibility, we should hear him say, “I have put you in possession of the seas; put the world in possession of my gospel.” And every ship we sent out would be a missionary church,—like the ark of the deluge, a floating testimony for God, and bearing in its bosom the seeds of a new creation. Christians, ours is, indeed, a post of responsibility and of honour! On us have accumulated all the advantages of the past; and on us lies the great stress of the present. The world is waiting, breathless, on our movements; the voice of all heaven is urging us on. Oh, for celestial wisdom, to act in harmony with the high appointments of Providence—to seize the crisis which has come, for blessing the world!

“The energy we want is that which springs from sympathy with the grandeur of our theme, the dignity of our office, and the magnificence of the missionary enterprise. Oh, where is

the spiritual perception that looks forth on the world as the great scene of a moral conflict, and beholds it under the stirring aspect which it presents to the beings of other worlds? Where are the kindled eye, and the beaming countenance, and the heart bursting with the momentous import of the gospel message? Where the fearlessness and confidence whose very tones inspire conviction, and carry with them all the force of certainty, and the weight of an oath? Where the zeal which burns with its subject, as if it had just come from witnessing the crucifixion, and felt its theme with all the freshness and force of a new revelation?—the zeal which, during its intervals of labour, repairs to the mount of vision to see the funeral procession of six hundred millions of souls—to the mouth of hell, to hear six hundred millions of voices saying, as the voice of one man, “Send to our brethren, lest they also come into this place of torment”—to Calvary, to renew its vigour by touching the cross—to the spot where John stood, to catch a view of the ranks of the blessed above. Enthusiasm is sobriety here. In this cause, the zeal of Christ consumed him—his holiest ministers have become flames of fire; and, as if all created ardour were insufficient, here infinite zeal finds scope to burn, “for the zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform it.”

“And where is this flame to be kindled?—where is the live coal to be obtained but from off the altar? It was there the witnesses of Christ, in every age, found it; and there they kept it bright and burning. It was there that Christ himself sustained that zeal, in the flames of which he at last ascended as a sacrifice to God. Nay, what was that atoning sacrifice itself, but a more intense prayer for the redemption of the world—the prayer of blood—a prayer so ardent that he consumed himself in the utterance—a prayer which is ascending still, and still filling the ear of God with its entreaties—a prayer, from which

all other prayers derive their prevailing power. And what was the object of that bleeding intercession ? and what did he himself regard as the full answer to it ? What but the advent of the Spirit, as the agent of a new creation ? Oh, Christians, is there such a doctrine in our creed as the doctrine of Divine influence ? Is there such an agent in the church as the Almighty Spirit of God ? Is he amongst us expressly to testify of Christ—to be the great animating spirit of his missionary witness, the church ? and is it true that his unlimited aid can be obtained by prayer—that we can be baptized by the Holy Ghost, and with fire ? Oh, ye that preach “believe and be saved” to the sinner, preach the same to the church—“believe the promise of the Spirit, and be saved.” Ye that love the Lord, keep not silence ; send up a loud, long, united, and unsparing entreaty for his promised aid. This, this is what we want. And this is all we want. Till this be obtained, all the angelic agency of heaven would avail us nothing ; and when it is obtained, all that agency will be unequal to the celebration of our triumphs.

“LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.”

BY MRS. ABDY.

“LIGHTEN our darkness,” gracious Lord,
 Watch o’er us while we sleep,
 From every ill that walks abroad,
 Thy faithful servants keep ;
 And shouldst thou send a dream of thee,
 To glad us in the night,
 Soon shall the shades of darkness flee,
 Before its cheering light.

“Lighten our darkness,” gracious Lord,
 When forth at day we go,
 Teach us the doctrines of thy word,
 To prize as well as know ;
 And should the sceptic’s doubt and sneer
 Attempt our faith to blight ;
 Aid us to make thy counsel clear,
 And pierce the cloud with light.

“Lighten our darkness,” gracious Lord,
 When shadowed round by death,
 The image of thy Son afford,
 To soothe our failing breath ;
 Lead us on him our hopes to place,
 And bid us trust his might,
 Who turned, by his redeeming grace,
 Our darkness into light.



THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

THIS massive and splendid pile of architecture, in its original glory inferior only to the mosque at Mecca, was erected by the Khaliph Abderrahman in the year 786, and finished by his son Hishom about 800: succeeding sovereigns, however, added to its magnitude and splendour; so that the whole edifice was the work of eight monarchs of the house of Ummaiya. There is not, perhaps, upon the face of the habitable globe, any single scene so calculated to impress the mind of the spectator with a variety of distinct and powerful emotions, as that which the skilful and intelligent artist has here presented to our view. Whether we regard the city of Cordova as the ancient seat of learning, the birth-place of the two Senecas and the poet Lucan, or contemplate the heathen, Christian, and barbaric vestiges of former greatness, which it still retains, the mind is led onward in the history of men and nations, from one to another of those great land-marks, which the river of time has left unmoved by its perpetual ebb and flow.

Stretching far and wide beyond the outline of the mosque, we behold a chain of rugged mountains, the beginning of the Sierra Morena, standing in their solemn majesty, like the veteran guardians of the land, yet vainly asserting their determination to repel the steps of the invader; while, nearer, and answering as it were in the same voice of nature, and asserting the same inalienable rights, sweeps the noble Guadalquiver beneath the shadow of the Moorish walls, grasped, as it were, by the massive

arches of a Moorish bridge, itself erected upon a Roman foundation. At one end of this bridge stands a Moorish tower, called *Castella de la Kalahorra*, and immediately facing the other end are the noble remains of a Roman gateway, with other specimens of Roman architecture, now partially swept away, or undermined by the encroachments of the river. The columns of the gateway are now Tuscan, having been repaired, it is supposed, by Philip the Second, but it is the opinion of the artist that they were originally Corinthian, which, if we may judge by the number of specimens still existing, was the favourite order of the Cordovans.

In contemplating this feature of the picture, the mind reverts to that period, so important in the history of Spain, when the Roman armies left their imperishable foot-prints wherever ambition, glory, or the thirst of conquest, led them on; and even here, where the gloom and the terror of the dark ages reigned so long, remain vestiges of classic taste, impaired, it is true, by the lapse of time, and marred by the violence of man, but still presenting to the beholder the elements of that ideal beauty, of which the material is but an image and a type.

To the left of the Roman gateway, and rising from a stone platform, is a pedestal surmounted by a statue of the Archangel Raphael, the guardian angel of the city; and in pursuing our inquiries from the Roman remains to this striking object, we pass over the most important features of the stately pile, and leave its Moorish history where these anomalies of Christian origin break in upon the barbaric splendour of the scene. It is said that a certain devout archbishop, who held the See of Cordova many years ago, dreamed that the Angel Raphael appeared to him, and declared himself guardian of the city, and that the prelate commemorated his dream by the erection of this handsome monument. Whether the same impression of religious

duty gave rise to the design of erecting a gothic cathedral in the centre of the mosque, it might now be difficult to ascertain ; but certainly there needs some powerful plea, to reconcile so glaring a breach of taste ; for though beautiful in itself, the cathedral is here wholly out of place. It is probable that with the genius of this design originated the idea of blocking up the arches formerly opening upon the Court of the Fountains, which gives to the whole a gloomy and forbidding air. To the same era also belong associations of a far more repulsive and melancholy character.

Beyond the mosque, and stretching to the left, is a pile of building formerly called the Alcazor, but more fearfully known to modern times as the dungeon of the inquisition. And are these, we ask, the records which that era has stamped upon the page of history ? Are the groans that have echoed within these walls, and the tears and the blood that have stained these floors, to tell to future ages how the Christian was distinguished from the followers of the false prophet of Mecca ? how those who had heard and read of the coming of the Prince of peace, trod in the footsteps of the savage Goth, and refined upon his ignorant cruelties ? how ears once awakened to the tidings of salvation, grew deaf to the cry of anguish and despair ? and how eyes once opened to the book of life, could close upon the lines of mercy with which its pages are inscribed ; until the Christians' cry of triumph became more dissonant than the clang of the Roman arms, and their instruments of torture more powerful and destructive than the engines of heathen war ?

The external appearance of the mosque, when compared with the richness of its internal decorations, is extremely plain, relieved only by small projecting towers or buttresses, with occasional galleries or windows containing elaborate arabesque decorations, and the whole surmounted by an open parapet peculiar to

Moorish buildings. The length is six hundred and twenty feet; its breadth four hundred and forty; and the whole is supported by six hundred and thirty-two polished marble pillars, taken by the Arabs from different Roman edifices, and totally independent of those of the cathedral. Many of these columns are supposed to have belonged to a Roman temple dedicated to Janus, upon the site of which the mosque was erected; the remaining number having been brought from ancient Carthage. Some of these are surmounted by Roman capitals, principally of the Corinthian order, but more are of Moorish workmanship, approaching very near to the Corinthian.

The most beautiful, if not the most perfect specimen of Moorish architecture now in existence, is that of the chapel of Mohammed, or sanctuary of the Koran, which is stated by the late Mr. Inglis to have been accidentally laid open by the removal of some brick-work in the year 1815. The Arabic inscriptions of passages from the Koran, the colours in which they are inscribed, together with the gilding, are as vivid as if the whole were the work of yesterday. It is described by Murphy as closely resembling the fine specimens of Arabian architecture to be seen in Egypt; and from its differing in style from the rest of the Moorish architecture, he supposes that it was executed in imitation of the palaces of Damascus and Bagdad. It is undoubtedly the finest example, in the entire edifice, of the first of the three periods into which the Arabian architecture is divided. The gate is of white marble, delicately sculptured, and ornamented with numerous columns of precious marble. The arch itself is mosaic, with a blue ground. The decorations are superbly gilt, and its interlaced are gold, red, blue, and green mosaic, of singular beauty. When illuminated, and more especially on the last two nights of the Ramadan, by the massive silver chandelier which hung from its centre, the gorgeous beauty of the Zancarron

must have surpassed anything that we can possibly conceive of splendour and magnificence.

The roof of the dark inner sanctuary is said to be of one block of marble, eighteen feet wide. If so, it is not less curious for its size and quality, than for the ingenuity of the artist in placing it in so perfect an equilibrium, as to remain unshaken for so many ages. The manner of casting these arches, grouping the columns, and designing the foliages of the screen, and of the throne of Almanasor, which is an exact repetition of the screen, is very heavy, intricate, and barbarous, unlike all the Moorish architecture at Grenada, being many centuries more ancient than any ornamental work of that place. Behind this chapel, and on each side of it, were the lodgings of the Dervishes, which now serve for chapter-house, sacristy, and treasury. It is said that among the Moors this church was known by the name of Ceca, and it was held in so high veneration, that pilgrims from all parts of Spain and Barbary came to visit it.

It is probable that, in addition to the magnitude of the edifice, the imposing appearance of its internal embellishments, and the purposes to which it was consecrated, the Mosque of Cordova owed much of its importance, in the minds of the Moslems, to the romantic life and bold exploits of the prince whose name it bears. It is stated in a recent and interesting account of the adventures of Abderrahman, that during the time when Spain was desolated by civil dissensions, he was assailed by treachery, and compelled to seek safety with the wandering Arabs, amongst whom he led the life of a herdsman; while, submitting patiently to privations, he surprised the Arabs themselves by the boldness and intrepidity with which he joined in all their hazardous pursuits. It might be supposed that the solitudes of the desert would have shielded him from his enemies; but he soon had reason to fear that the influence which tracks the footsteps of the unfortunate could

reach him even here ; and again he set forth upon his sandy route into the African province of Barca. Here ingratitude as well as treachery awaited him in the person of Aben-Habib, who had been chiefly indebted to the family of the prince for his own elevation. The life of Abderrahman had been publicly denounced, and the sovereign at whose court he had found a temporary shelter, was but too ready to take advantage of the recognition afforded by his striking form and features. Again the persecuted prince sought the haunts of the hospitable Bedouins, and again he displayed that astonishing firmness and bravery which had rendered him so great a favourite among the free wanderers of the wilderness, yet to this home his steps were tracked, and his person demanded by his implacable foes. But the faithful Arabs, apprehending some unknown danger to their beloved guest, replied, that the young Syrian, of whom the messengers were in quest, was absent hunting wild beasts, and would pass the night under some neighbouring rocks.

Thus the life of Abderrahman was once more preserved ; and while he poured forth expressions of the warmest gratitude to his benefactors, they, zealous for his safety, appointed six of the noblest-hearted youths of their tribe to conduct him in safety farther across the desert. Under their protection he arrived at Tahart, the capital of Algarbe ; and then, for the first time since he was driven from his pastoral home, did the young prince repose in safety. His mother having sprung from the most honourable family in the land, he no sooner declared his real name, and related the misfortunes he had endured, than the people and their chiefs overwhelmed him with acclamations of joy at his arrival.

In the mean time, by one of those mysterious combinations of events, which sometimes in an instant frustrate the calculations of ambition, and change the fate of nations, an assembly of

eighty-four Moorish chiefs met in secret at Cordova, and unanimously agreed to call the young prince to be their head and leader, in the hope of re-establishing the Moorish power: two of these chiefs were accordingly despatched to Tahart, and had the satisfaction of hearing from their future sovereign the most ardent expressions of love to Spain, and to the Arab children who had grown up on its soil. The Zenates, his mother's people, rejoicing even more in the prospect of distinction thus opened to their prince, provided him with an escort of seven hundred and fifty horsemen, and sent him to win a throne for himself, and glory for his family.

At the moment when Abderrahman arrived on the shores of Spain, Youseef, a conqueror and usurper, who had deluged the country with blood, had begun his march towards Cordova, where his approach was awaited with terror and indignation; and the two warriors, the prince with his little band of faithful followers, and the usurper with a conquering army of four times the number, threatened to reach the city at the same time. After several preparatory skirmishes, they joined battle in the open plain, where, it is said, Youseef looking scornfully upon the little army of the prince, repeated the following lines of an old poet.

Our thousands thirst with a burning thirst,
And rivers of blood we need;
How shall we quench this burning thirst?
Oh! where are the hosts to bleed?

Before night, however, the city of Cordova had opened its gates to receive the victorious prince, and the few who remained of the army of the usurper lay in breathless silence on the plain.

Nor was it to his dauntless fortitude, his valour, or his nobility of soul alone, that Abderrahman owed his celebrity;

but also to the natural tenderness and simplicity by which his character was distinguished. It is said that he planted with his own hands a palm-tree in the gardens of his palace, and that this palm was the parent of the spreading groves, which afterwards gave to the neighbourhood of Cordova its Oriental magnificence of shade. From the cares of state, and the splendour of his throne, he was wont to retire, for the few brief moments he could call his own, to contemplate the beauty of his favourite tree, and to weep over the scenes of his childhood, of which nothing else in his court or his kingdom could so forcibly remind him.

TO THE QUEEN.

FAR clines of Earth, islands that gem the Sea,
In torrid, temperate and arctic zone,
Shores 'mid the polar icebergs dim and lone,
Spice-bearing lands, whose tribes once bowed the knee
In giant caves of dark idolatry,
New world, not to the "Tuscan artist" known,
Isles which the sea laves with pucific tone,
The classic haunts of old mythology,
With Britain's soil, yield homage to thy crown.
Pearl from the wave, gold gems from the dark mine,
"Kings of the East," an offering prepare!
From realms, on which the sun goes never down,
Thrice Royal Daughter of a Royal Line!
In thousand tongues, for thee ascends one prayer.

THE RULER'S FAITH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"COME, LAY THY HAND UPON HER, AND SHE SHALL LIVE."—Matt. ix. 18.

DEATH cometh to the chamber of the sick.
 The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
 Turns pale as marble. Hark! that hollow moan,
 Which none may soothe, and then the last faint breath
 Subsiding, with a shudder.

Deep the wail
 That speaks an idol fallen from the shrine
 Of a fond parent's heart. A withered flower
 Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope
 Solaced itself with garlands, and beheld
 New buddings every morn.

Father, 'tis o'er!
 That voice is silent which had been thy harp,
 Quickening thy footsteps nightly toward thy home,
 Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
 Even with thy temple worship, when the soul
 Should deal with God alone.

What stranger-step
 Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow
 In meekness and in majesty doth bend
 Beside the bed of death?

"She doth but *sleep*,
The damsel is not *dead*."

A smothered hiss,
Contemptuous, rises from that wondering band,
Who beat the breast, and raise the licensed wail
Of Judah's mourning.

Look upon the dead !
Heaves not the winding-sheet ? Those trembling lids,
What peers between their fringes, like the tint
Of dewy violet ? The blanched lips dispart,
And what a quivering long-drawn sigh restores
Their rose-leaf beauty. Lo, that clay-cold hand
Doth clasp the Master's, and with sudden spring
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
Hides in her mother's bosom. Faith's strong root
Was in the parent's spirit, and its fruit
How beautiful !

O mother ! who dost gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep
Which threatens the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To thy Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
Or when at night her clustering tresses sweep
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
Or to the meshes of an earthly love
Yields her young heart, be eloquent for her,
Take no denial, till the gracious hand
Which raised the ruler's dead, give life to her,
That better life, whose power surmounts the tomb.

Hartford, Connecticut.

THE SIMILITUDE.

BY CAMBRIAN JONES.

A stream came from a mountain's side,
 A babbling stream, a thing of play;
 And it leaped like a child as the morning smiled,
 Upon its joyous way.

It was a clear and gentle stream,
 It claimed the sunshine as a brother,
 And the twain did play in a childish way,
 Like twins of some young mother.

And now the stream did gather strength;
 And now the stream more stately flowed;
 And the sunshine's heat was waxing great,
 That on its surface glowed.

The sunshine burns upon a river
 That once a babbling stream did play;
 As a thing of thought, with passion wrought,
 That river takes its way.

Upon the sun a cloud is lying;
 Upon the river twilight closes;
 The twilight is hieing, the day is dying,
 That river ne'er reposes.

And whether it sink in its mother earth,
Or whether it melt in the boundless sea,
Or whether it mount where the clouds have birth,
It cannot cease to be.

And so the child of man comes forth,
And so he's seen a few brief years,
And so in the gloom of a closing tomb
He disappears.

"J E S U S W E P T."

BY T. W. AVELING.

He stood where giant rocks in grandeur frowned,
Whose gloomy caves enshrined the sleeping dead
And whispering cedars flung their shadows round,
Catching the wild winds breathing as they sped :
Sadness and silence strove for empire there,
Where oft the mourner tears of anguish shed,
When night her mantle o'er the deep sky spread.
A mournful band of sorrowing ones was near,
While the deep-breathing sigh and falling tear
Told of the secret woe that reigned within.
He gazed around, and, as he mused on sin,
His spirit groaned ; and, turning meekly where
Amid the tombs the gentle Lazarus slept,
Bowing his sacred head, the Saviour wept.



W. H. W. W. W. W.

W. H. W. W. W. W.

Harriet Bradford Stewart.



MRS. STEWART,

WIFE OF THE REV. C. S. STEWART, A.M., CHAPLAIN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY,
AND LATE AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dew to shower?
Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned?
Of heaven they were, and thither have returned!"

HARRIET BRADFORD STEWART was born near Stamford, Connecticut, in the United States of America, on the 24th of June, 1798. She was the youngest daughter of Colonel Tiffany, a distinguished officer in the war by which the independence of America was secured. Her mother was a daughter of the Hon. W. Bradford Whiting, of Colombia county, New York. Her ancestry embraced many of the most pious and illustrious of the early pilgrims, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. S. Whiting, a learned nonconformist clergyman of Oxford; the Rev. John Laythroe, of London, who, with his church, was driven to the wilds of America by the persecutions of Laud; and the Hon. W. Bradford, one of the most distinguished pilgrims from Leyden, through whom she traced her ancestry to the Rev. John Bradford, chaplain to Edward VI., who perished at the stake in Smithfield, in 1555.

The childhood and youth of Mrs. Stewart were passed under the guardianship of an amiable and pious maternal aunt; but though herself distinguished by great sweetness and gentleness of natural disposition, and carefully instructed in the principles and duties of the Bible, she does not appear to have experienced the decisive influence of religion in her own heart till she had attained her twenty-first year, when, during her recovery from

an alarming illness, she was enabled, through the aboundings of Divine mercy, to believe with the heart unto righteousness, and was filled with consolation and joy. Her mind was first led to contemplate the missionary enterprise as her future walk of usefulness, when reading, shortly after the period of her conversion, Melville Horne's "Letters on Missions." In June, 1822, she became the wife of the Rev. Charles Samuel Stewart, and in the month of November following, embarked, with him and other missionaries, for the Sandwich Islands. After a passage unusually pleasant and favourable, they reached the Sandwich Islands in the month of April, 1823. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Stewart accompanied her husband from Oahu to Maui, where she sustained with cheerfulness the trials, and engaged with activity and devotedness in the arduous duties, inseparable from the commencement of a mission among uncivilized tribes.

Mrs. Stewart was not long favoured to occupy the post in which she had found much enjoyment, and had been the means of most important benefit, especially to many of her own sex. In the summer of 1825, her health was so impaired, as to excite the most painful apprehensions, and no prospect of life remained but by returning to her native land. For several months, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart waited in great anxiety for a vessel bound to America, and during this period the family received the most polite and kind attentions from Lord Byron, then at the islands in H. M. S. Blonde. At length an English ship, homeward bound, put into Oahu for refreshments—the captain generously offered them a passage to England—and, in October, 1825, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, with two dear children, left the islands, followed by the tender sympathy and ardent affection, not only of their fellow-labourers in the mission, but of many of the chiefs and people, by whom the memory of Mrs. Stewart is still held in grateful remembrance. They reached this country in April, 1826,

and, after spending some months in London, Mrs. Stewart's strength was so far restored as to allow her to proceed to America, where she had the satisfaction of once more meeting many endeared friends, with whom (occasionally cheered by hopes of restoration to health) she enjoyed delightful Christian intercourse, until her sufferings were terminated by death, which took place in the month of September, 1830. Her end was peace, her record is on high; and she has entered upon her reward and her rest.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

How many a woman, young and pale,
Hath sat to watch while fickle day
Spread in the west his crimson sail,
Impatient of delay;
And listened with an aching ear
For tread of foot or cry of hound,
Till weary hope, with sigh and tear
Expiring looked around,
O'er darkened vale, and wood, and plain,
For one who came not back again.

And weary is that woman's lot,
If in a fertile land she dwell,
Where war and famine riot not,
Nor even sickness fell:
But if, in hovel cold and rude,
On rugged rock, or windy moor,
Ye find her in her solitude,
At eve, beside her door,
Sad thoughts her only company—
O dismal, then, her fate must be!

Oh ! dismal, in the bitter north !

Where, over wastes of trackless snow,
Coy summer rarely peepeth forth,
And flowers forget to blow.

Where, with a wan and spectral light,
Short time the sun his journey takes,
And winter falls with heavy night
On frozen seas and lakes,
And, through their icy caverns drear,
The deep wind murmurs sounds of fear.

A lone one watches in her hut,
By dark desponding thoughts possessed,
And fancies strong—nor force can shut
Their phantoms from her breast :
Her own sweet Germany she sees,
Its laughing fields, its cities grey,
Its hamlet-churches bowered in trees,
Where first she learned to pray,—
And spirits are whispering in her ear,
“ What, dreamer, wouldst thou perish here ?

“ Thy pious father lies asleep,
Among his children, all but thee,—
Thy mother hath not ceased to weep
Her daughter's face to see,—
And thou must leave thy sheltered home,
To die, ere youth's best years be told,
In this dark land of cheerless gloom,
Of hunger, and of cold ;
Return—forsake its wilds austere !
Thy place, fair woman, is not here.”

Thick-coming thoughts like these did fill
Her large blue eyes with gentle grief,
When through the night (so very still
Was heard the whistling leaf,)
A step drew near—a voice was heard—
The fur-clad labourer came at last ;
The embers on the hearth she stirred,
The weary one embraced—
Great sorrow sat most heavily
On furrowed brow, and languid eye.

“ Mine own,” he said, and clasped her hand,
Her small white hand, within his twain,
“ I cannot bear this weary land,
This labour all in vain ;
I preach the word, and none will hear,
Or hear, God’s mercy to despise ;
And palsyng doubt, and boding fear,
Within my breast arise ;
The Lord denies to bless my prayer,
Thou weepest—Yes ! our home is fair !

“ Come, we’ll return ! the hind refrains
To sow, when nothing springs to reap ;
We will return to blither plains,
Of corn, and trees, and sheep ;
There’s pestilence around us now,
And winter, with his noons of night,
And cold, rude men, who will not bow
To worship God aright :
For mine own holy land I sigh,
If but to breathe its air—and die !”

Lo ! while he mourned, a sudden change
Crimsoned her lip, and fired her eye,
And boldness, to herself most strange,
Spoke out in her reply—

“ Cheer thee, my faithful ! keep thy trust
In One above, the Just, the Wise,
Who, for he knows us frail as dust,
Our faith and courage tries ;
Our friends are far, but God is near,
Ay, to this land of gloom and fear !

“ I, too, have wrestled with despair,
And, weeping, yearned to live and die
Within some Christian dwelling fair
Of my sweet Germany !
But it hath passed, and I am strong ;
Our God, who sent us here to toil,
Can build the shrine, and wake the song,
On this unthankful soil ;
And bow the heathen heart of stone
To worship at his lofty throne !”

“ Cheer thee, mine own ! the day is nigh,
The seed is sown, the well is found ;
And soon, from out the kindling sky,
Shall glory stream around ;
And soon the plenteous garden, piled
With golden harvests, shall o'erflow,
And gushing fountains, in the wild,
Bid rose and lily blow ;
And for the labourer, toil-oppressed,
Are heaven's unfailing homes of rest !”

She spoke with such a beaming eye,
And such a mild benignant brow,
As angel's, beaming from the sky,
To comfort earth below :
Her sweet words fell like healing dew
Upon the pastor's heart of care,
And, side by side, to God anew
They vowed themselves in prayer ;
And blest with sleep more sweet to see
Were none that night in Germany.

REMINISCENCES OF FELIX NEFF, AND HIS CHURCH AT VIOLINS.

VIGNETTE.

BY THE REV. W. S. GILLY, D.D., VICAR OF NORHAM.

THE Church at Violins presents an interesting object for the exercise of an artist's taste and skill : he can find just enough, immediately about it, to make a beautiful picture, and, without any violation of fidelity, he may give it the air of one of those charming village sanctuaries which rest in the bosom of all that is lovely, peaceful, and attractive. It stands on ground which rises gradually from the bed of a mountain torrent, and the surface of it is broken up by fragments of rock, and tossed about into those irregular forms which the pencil of a clever draughtsman will not fail to improve. A few trees, with scanty foliage, help out the landscape ; but these, with the mountain behind shadowed out, look like a sheltering hill-side, and may be so adjusted as to make the whole a smiling scene of repose and enjoyment. Then there is the belfry raising its unostentatious turret a little above the roof, and relieving the monotony of the fabric, and bringing to your imagination the sound of the Sabbath bell. And the villagers who have been summoned by its call, hastening to greet their pastor at the church door, and to follow him with devout and affectionate hearts into the house of their God.

Such is the graceful picture which an artist may sketch, who chooses his position and his point of view ; but you must plant your foot on the soil upon which this sanctuary is built, and

you must drag your weary steps along many a rugged path, and you must see with your own eyes the dismal rocks of Val Tressynière, before you can have any idea of this dreary portion of the "Pays de Nêff," or country to which the missionary labours of Neff have given an abiding name and interest.

It was the distinguishing merit of Felix Neff, that he dedicated himself to God, and to the instruction of God's children, in the most literal sense of the word, without any compromise or reservation, without any regard to self or to personal consideration, or to creature-comforts: he served his Master, where service was most arduous and most repulsive.

A native of the loveliest part of Switzerland, he might have chosen his own fair country, and the banks of the lake of Geneva, and scenes enlivened by the blue waters of the Rhone, for the place of his spiritual labours; and he might have been continued in the midst of relations and friends, and early associates, whose affection and companionship would have comforted him, in his hours of trouble. Or if he were determined to give strangers the benefit of his instruction, he might have pitched his tent under the brilliant sun, and in the rich plains of Languedoc. Nay, if he thought it right to supply the destitution of the High Alps, and to relieve the spiritual wants of mountaineers, who traced their Christianity to a remote period, and who, from time immemorial, had kept themselves distinct from the Roman Catholic church; in that case he might at least have taken up his residence in one of the Alpine parishes which was most favourable to health and convenience. But, in the spirit of a Missionary, he went where he was most wanted, and there, in his privations, and exposure to cold and hunger, and fatigue of body and mind, he died every day. It is much easier to elevate our courage for a martyr's death, and to perish on the scaffold or at the stake, than to select the last

refuge of human wretchedness, and to consume away, inch by inch, in the midst of all that is most chilling, squalid, and appalling.

The upper part of the valley of Tressynière is still as savage and cheerless as it was three hundred years ago, when De Thou described it as the stern region, from which comfort, and the common necessities of life, seemed to be utterly excluded. The houses are hovels, rude constructions of mud and stone, where cleanliness, and fresh air, and wholesome food, never enter. The climate is severe beyond all description, and the nakedness of the country is so disheartening, that nothing but flight from persecution could have induced men to settle there. At Violins nature begins to put on her most terrible frown, and it was on the Sunday evening of the 1st of February, 1824, that Neff preached his first sermon there, in the unfinished church, when the whole population of the hamlet came together to hear the word of God. Many of them remained till midnight conversing with their new pastor, the first they had had for many years; and when they returned home, they lighted wisps of straw, or pine branches, to guide them over the ice, and through the snow.

On the Tuesday following, Neff preached at Dormilleuse, and the people of Violins were so eager to hear his voice again, that at the imminent risk of their lives, they dared the tremendous path that led over the precipices to Dormilleuse, though it was so slippery that they were obliged to cut steps in the ice with hatchets, before they could attempt it.

The church of Violins was completed, and the solemnity of its dedication took place on the 29th of August in the same year. It cost 11,000 francs, or about £440. 5,000 francs, or £200, were furnished by the French government, and the rest was raised by contribution.

It was at Violins, Minsas, and Dornilleuse that Neff spent most of his time, "because," said he, in one of his journals, "these are the most wretched villages of Val Tressynière; the inhabitants are deprived of almost every temporal enjoyment, and therefore I determine to give them all the spiritual comfort that I can impart."—In the first year of his residence there, the snow fell on the 9th of September. "We are now buried in snow," as he wrote in a letter to a friend, "without the hope of seeing the sun during the rest of the winter. The houses are low, dark, and dirty, and the people seem to be stupified with the utter misery of their condition." But in this valley of the shadow of death, God had prepared a table for the inhabitants, and their cup ran over.

On the Good Friday after the dedication of the church of Violins, Neff performed public service in it, and every Protestant in the valley was present. About one hundred young persons presented themselves on that occasion, in preparation for the communion of the Lord's supper, which was to be celebrated on the following Sunday. Not one of all the youth, who were of a proper age, was absent; and they were so absorbed in the devotional feelings of the occasion, that when Neff concluded his discourse, the congregation remained in their places, as if they could not move from the spot to which his voice had riveted them. It was after the Easter solemnities that the pastor of the Alps gave this remarkable account of himself and his flock:—

"So passed this happy week, this holy week, for such it really was, in this valley. The inhabitants spent it in penitence and prayer—in pious reading or conversation. All the young people seemed to be animated by the same spirit: a flame of holy fire appeared to spread from one to another, like an electric spark. During the eight days, I had not thirty hours

rest. Before and after, and in the interval of the public services, the young people might be seen sitting in groups among the huge rocks of granite with which the place is covered, edifying each other by serious reading or conversation. I was absolutely astonished by this sudden awakening. I could scarcely collect my scattered thoughts. The rocks, the cascades, even the surrounding ice, seemed to present a new and less dreary aspect. This savage country became agreeable and dear to me: it was at once the home of my brethren; the beloved Jerusalem of my affection. But I must not forget, that at a first awakening, many appeared to be converted, who were only drawn along by the general movement. It is like the burning flint in the midst of the brazier, which looks like the flaming charcoal. But, however it may turn out, it is the work of the Eternal. He alone can recognize those who are his, and knows how to make manifest that they are his. To him be the praise and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

As he began, so the indefatigable pastor continued to spend, and to be spent. An English traveller once accompanied him on his parochial circuits, and he described him as calling the inhabitants of a hamlet together, after a toilsome walk of several leagues over the mountains, and commencing a service as if he had no sense of fatigue. Speaking of one of his journeys, "It was dusk," said he, "when we arrived at Champsaur, and although Neff had been on foot from daylight, except during the time of breakfast and dinner, he called a meeting together at a neighbour's house, at which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a considerable number of persons attended. To this hastily assembled crowd he addressed the divine word, and then spent some time with a sick person." Such a career was necessarily short. For about

three years Neff persevered in a course which could not but exhaust the most robust strength, he sunk under the effects of fatigue, unwholesome food, and exposure to a rigorous climate, and died a suffering witness to the truth which he had been so faithfully preaching,

The following extracts, taken from some of the autograph letters of Neff, hitherto unpublished, will be read with interest, as containing his own account of his failing strength, and his sentiments on some important points of theology and Christian practice.

It will be observed, in a perusal of these extracts, how the powerful understanding and steady good sense of Felix Neff were always in action with his humble and unaffected piety.

Guillestrie, 20th October, 1824.

Men dispute willingly, often with bitterness, and always with vanity, upon points of doctrine of which they neither feel the force, nor experience the consolations; they make religion consist in externals, and when they enjoy liberty of worship, and are able to take part in a controversy, they flatter themselves that all is well, and lull themselves into security, like the foolish virgins, without ever inquiring if they are ready and their lamps trimmed. They arrange their temporal concerns, they sow in the season, they suffer no opportunity of profit to escape, and they think themselves wise, whilst they defer, from day to day, the only business of life which deserves to be called important.

They sometimes speak of death, and judgment, and hell, but with a carelessness and gaiety which shew the unbelief, or, at least, the foolishness, of their hearts. They talk of salvation, and eternal glory, with an indifference and lukewarmness which prove that their *treasure is not in heaven*. They speak of God, without respect or fear; of their Saviour, without love or gratitude.

Guillestrie, 21st October, 1824.

How ridiculous a man would appear, even in the society of those who are esteemed the most pious people, were he to express with feel-

ing the sentiments of the apostle—"The love of Christ constraineth us." "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "I desire to depart, and to be with Christ." "My soul thirsteth after the living God." Such exclamations of an ardent soul, who loves his God and Saviour, are reserved only to give artificial warmth to discourses from the pulpit; they are banished from familiar conversation, because the ardent feeling that dictated them does not exist; or if it were found in any one individual, it would be too disagreeably contrasted with the ice of all the rest. The apostle Paul would know only Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Christians of the present day know everything except that. You have too much judgment to deny that this is a *true*, though a very imperfect picture; and can you believe that it was to establish such a church as this, the Son of God came upon earth? Can you really think that Christianity may be reduced to the insignificant, barren devotion, with which people now content themselves? Oh, certainly not—to do so were to dishonour the Gospel, or at least to be ignorant of it.

Guillestrie, 21st of January, 1825.

If I may judge from your letter, you are sensible, up to a certain point, of the corruption of our hearts, which makes us incapable of pleasing God in our natural state; but beyond this, you know nothing of the mystery of salvation. I can see you struggling in your chains, in the shape of sins, sweating blood and water in endeavouring to climb the inaccessible rocks of Sinai; but, my dear friend, it is not thither you must go, your deliverance is in Golgotha, and you seem not to be bending your steps in that direction. You tell me that were you near me, you would find strength in your weakness. Alas! if you knew what I am, you would not talk of my strength! Do you not recollect what the great apostle Paul said, "We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

I perceive too surely that you have not found the *door*, but are trying to enter by the *window*, and that is not the way God has pointed out to us in John xiv. 6, and x. 9. Is this the way you take? You know nothing of the matter; you propose first to change yourself, to reform, and to be regenerated; and when all that is done, or at

least well begun, you will go and offer your work to Jesus Christ, in order that he may admit you into the number of his true disciples. Is not such your plan? If it be, abandon it entirely, for you will never arrive by that road. Begin first of all to ask for reconciliation with God. Go to him for that purpose *as you are*. Throw yourself at Jesus's feet, like the prodigal son. He did not wait to regain what he had spent, nor even to procure decent clothing in which to appear before his father. His only claims were founded on his own extreme wretchedness, and his father's abundant mercy. Believe that it was for such sinners as you and me that the Saviour offered the sacrifice of himself. Do not say you are too unrepentant, too faithless, too proud, and too hard-hearted. All these pretences are but the wiles of Satan, who, disguised as an angel of light, would keep us from Jesus under the pretext of extreme humility.

Guillestrie, 16th June, 1826.

With regard to P. G. I acknowledge that he has lost much of my esteem, since he has had the weakness to take a wife from amongst the Moabites, in spite of all I said to him on the subject. I hear that he has become lukewarm, and his wife more worldly than ever. I cannot say how far these reports may be true; but this is certain, that I know *no* reason, absolutely *none*, that can excuse a Christian in these circumstances. I believe upon principle, and I am now convinced every day by experience, that a Christian cannot commit a greater folly than this; and never will I take upon myself to recommend a brother to marry a woman, though accomplished in the world's opinion, or even though she be a zealous partisan of the truth, if she be not confirmed and rooted in Jesus Christ. J. J., whom P. came to see, and who would have married him, notwithstanding his distant home, only because he was a brother, has constantly refused the best worldly offers that have been made her, and is at last married to the eldest brother of our friend F., who, like himself, has given his heart to Jesus. Last week I went to bless their union; it was truly a Christian marriage; neither pistol shots, nor light songs, nor bad jokes, were heard. After the repast we prayed and sung hymns, and every one retired quietly home. For our poor friend P., though I am distressed at his imprudence in placing himself in a situation so dangerous to the interests of his soul and the

kingdom of God, I pray God, with all my heart, to give him both the patience and firmness needful to support him. If he be called upon to suffer long, he must bear it with humility and resignation, as having chosen his own part; and if, on the contrary, God grants him, what I most earnestly desire, grace, to be the means of leading his wife to the truth, he must be most thankful for so rich a blessing.

The question proposed to me by J. was that of *predestination*, which you find in the works of Calvin, and about which, she tells me, you have had some conversation with a pastor. This doctrine, received by Calvin, and by a great many other learned and zealous divines, as being fundamental and essential to salvation, has been, and is still controverted and rejected by others, not less enlightened, and as faithful; whence I conclude, that it is *not essential*; since a man may be saved, and may even labour successfully in the kingdom of God, without receiving it. It is therefore wise, to occupy one's thoughts as little as possible with the subject, because we cannot fathom it, and it is so dangerous, particularly to persons whose faith is not firmly established, and who will naturally say, "Well, if I am one of the elect, I shall be saved without giving myself so much trouble, and, if I am not *elect*, every effort on my part will be vain and useless." I advise you, therefore, to lay the question entirely aside, as I have done; for I have never seen the least good result from it, and often much mischief; for beside that which it always produces in the world, it excites long and painful divisions among Christians, as I have witnessed in many instances. Lastly, while we abstain from it, we are not hindered from preaching purely gratuitous salvation, and saying to sinners, "If any man thirst, let him come and take of the water of life freely." But the limits of my letter will not permit me to enlarge on so difficult a question, and which the experience of a Christian will do more to clear up than all the treatises that ever were written.

St. Veran, 25th of December, 1826.

I should have written to you more at length, had I known that F. would leave us so soon. On his arrival he proposed to remain some time, but either he fears the displeasure of his relations, (for which I do not blame him,) or our school does not answer his expectations,

so he has determined to go. Indeed, this year our scholars are very young, very backward in spiritual things, and consequently thoughtless; and besides, we have nothing all day long but grammar exercises, geography, arithmetic, and reading of all kinds, to improve the tone and pronunciation; and very little time is devoted to religious instruction, properly so called. F. had formed a very different idea of our institution; he has his spiritual advancement too much at heart to appreciate human learning. Now I look upon learning as being, *after faith*, the most precious and essential good, and even as the means of employing the latter for the glory of God. I therefore follow my plan with a quiet conscience, appreciating, at the same time, the happiness of those simple minds, who find in Jesus all their knowledge, light, and satisfaction.

The world cries charity! charity in your judgments!—it would have us suppose *good* where *evil* is manifested; it would have us shut our eyes, and every where see grapes upon thorns, and figs on thistles.

Guillestrie, 5th of April, 1827.

If you see J. R. he will give you news of Dormilleuse, so I shall only tell you that our school-house has been finished since the first of April; and our Champsaur friends returned home in fine weather by the Col d'Orières. I set off from thence yesterday morning, and have been two days in coming here; for I am still lame in consequence of over-fatigue in the soft snow. I am suffering too from inflammation in the teeth and left ear, which plagues me much; and frequent pain in the stomach condemns me to a constant regimen, while it diminishes my strength and prevents my writing. I should receive these light afflictions most willingly, if they could assist in crucifying the old man, and humbling the pride of my heart; but I fear this remedy may not produce more effect than others have done, and may leave me in my usual thoughtlessness and infidelity, if the Lord does not send with it the inward effusion of his Spirit. But I see that if I talk about myself, I shall sing nothing but *misery*; I would rather communicate to you the joy that I feel at this moment in the perusal of two letters from our sisters at Meus, amongst whom, and by whom, the Lord worketh beyond our utmost hopes. Oh! if we are indeed too often unbelieving and blind, we are never more so than when we fear

that He will leave us to fight alone against the arrayed army of the Philistines.

God is not unfaithful ; we only are unfaithful, and slow of heart to believe his promises, though confirmed even by an oath. No ! "*He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*" Let us then watch with him, having our loins girded and our lamps burning. Let us not grow weary of the work of the Lord, knowing that our labour will not be in vain in the Lord. Let us not lose courage nor patience, if we are called to sow long in tears : when the season comes, we shall reap with songs of triumph. We often say, "There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest, when the Lord, who knoweth all things, seeth that the fields are ripe already to harvest." "Only believe," said Jesus to the sister of Lazarus, "and thou shalt see the glory of God." Courage, patience, devotedness, my dear friend ! Let us not say, with Moses, in false humility, "Send by the hand of him whom thou wilt send ;" but let us go forwards, not waiting till another come. Let us not lament over the burning house without trying to throw water on it. Our vain fears will not extinguish the flames, but let us run quickly, and be the first to help.

Dictated by FELIX NEFF.

Plombières, 20th of October, 1828.

I should wish you to see a letter I sent lately from Meus to Tressynière, and which was addressed to all my friends in Dauphiné. I told them in that letter, that during my long illness my heart often wanders to those places whither it is recalled by such very dear remembrances. I can truly say, that your house occupies a distinguished place there, and that I always remember the happy hours I have passed in it, and the Christian conversation we have had together. I fancy myself again walking with you in your fields, or on the road to Briançon, or when you so kindly accompanied me far on my journey ; and, more than all, I call to mind the joy with which I met you for the first time on my arrival in the High Alps, and with what readiness you received the words of the kingdom of God, which I declared to you ; for you were the first in the High Alps who understood and received the good tidings of salvation. May the Lord grant

you grace not to lose the right of eldership, but may he strengthen you more and more till the day of his coming.

With all my heart I wish I could persuade you to visit those who love and esteem you; it would certainly be benefiting them, and yourself also. Yes, my dear friend, it would be good for you; for I must candidly tell you, that I am grieved to see you so completely isolated and removed from all external means of edification. I think you ought to feel the necessity of it, and seek opportunities of intercourse with Christian friends. Undoubtedly, you are in spiritual communion with the children of God, particularly with those whom you know, though absent from them; but it is equally true, that great blessings attend fraternal intercourse. I do not, however, doubt that the Lord will make up for this privation, and will himself be a good and faithful friend; and I love to think that you are living in intimate communion with him, walking with him like Enoch, and seeking his face like David. That you may do so, is my fervent prayer; and I exhort you to it, for the sake of your peace in this life, and for eternity.

I often sigh for the time when, if it be the will of God, I may be permitted to return to the High Alps again, to see the friends I left there. Many amongst them have entered into eternity since my departure, and I bless God for their happy deliverance; but I feel the void they make, and I shall mourn their loss, for I can say with truth of all those to whom I have preached the Gospel, and especially of those who have received it, that I love you all with cordial affection in Christ Jesus.

THE PRA DEL TOR.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, A.M.

THEY are coming—o'er the cliffs—by the path along the glen—
 By the road of La Vachère—Oh ! quit you then like men.
 Like the furious summer torrent, in its desolating way,
 Like the eagle from the clouds, they are lighting on their prey.
 By your children's pale cheeks, from which fear the blood has
 driven—

By the terror of your wives, who lift their arms to heaven—
 By the aspect of the living, by the memory of the dead—
 Who here, for the Gospel, have often fought and bled—
 Let your slings do their duty, and forth your weapons draw,
 And let liberty or death be the word for each Vaudois.
 Four days have they struggled to gain that rocky hold,
 But the mountain path is rude, and the mountaineer is bold ;
 And the torrent has been dyed with the richest blood of France,
 And vain has been the battle-axe, and broken is the lance.
 Fierce Maugiron has fought in many a bloody fray,
 And met with gallant foes, but ne'er with such as they.
 Seven thousand men at arms, though practised well in war,
 Are baffled by that band, that guard the Pra del Tor.
 Oh shame upon their manhood ! they could massacre the weak,
 Lay desolate the fields, leave the villages a wreck,

But that handful of the brave shall beat them back again,
 Though Piedmont is united with the hosts of France and Spain.
 Ye have fought throughout the day, ye have watched throughout
 the night,

And weary are your limbs with the watching and the fight;
 But the general is furious,—the Spanish force is here—
 Now be bold—now be steadfast—every loyal mountaineer,
 And die in the field, ere you yield us up a prey
 To the monks of Piqueroll, and the Count de Trinité.
 How gleams that spear forest! How wildly they rush on!
 Ours are moveless as the rock—well done—hurra—well done.
 Like a wave on the beach which has spent its foaming wrath,
 What heaps are lying dead along that bloody path!
 Yet still they onward press. Can ours the pass maintain?
 Brave Augereau is wounded, and Peltier is slain.

Now they press on our defenders—the pass is nearly won—
 Alas! for our children! but 'tis not the time to moan:
 Now, wives of the Vaudois, ye must have the chamois feet,
 For the snow peaks and the cliffs must be your last retreat;
 Climb swiftly, or your babes will welter in their gore,
 For a moment, and the Spaniard will have Pra del Tor.
 No, no—it will not be; the righteous cause will win,
 And never o'er our valleys will reign the man of sin.
 See the Spaniard is daunted, he is fronted by the spear,
 Our bowmen are around him, and are playing on the rear.
 They fall like leaves of autumn, they are crushed beneath the
 blocks,

Which (a cataract of granite) are thundering down the rocks
 They reel—they retire—our men have forced them back
 O'er the corpses of their comrades that clog their fatal track.
 See they turn—see they flee—but they ne'er will see again
 The villages they love, and the vine-clad hills of Spain.

As the snows of *Ætna* melt before its lava stream,
Their regiments dissolve, and vanish like a dream.
But hundreds are laid low, and loud will be the wail
For the soldiers of the faith, at Rome and at Versailles :
When they tortured at the stake Marcellin and sister Jean,
Cartinian, and the pastors of Mèane and St. Germain—
When our granaries were plundered, when our houses were
their prey—

When he saw Rora burn, with Villaro and Tagliaret—
And when the naked mountains were become our only hope,
Did they think to chase us hence, or enslave us to the pope ?
They looked for the marmot, but they found the tiger there,
And wo to the intruders that have roused him from his lair !
Now they trample down each other, terror urges on their flight,
And they plunge into the torrent, and they leap the dizzy height :
Yet stay the arm of vengeance, and from the chase withdraw,
For ne'er must needless carnage stain the arms of the Vaudois.
Now thanks to our Preserver, who gives victory to the weak,
On the spot where we have triumphed we will His praises speak ;
'Twas dear to us already, but dearer than before,
To us and to our children, will be this Pra del Tor.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT POMPEII, ITALY



JUGGERNATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GOGERLY,

MISSIONARY IN BENGAL.

THE great temple at Pooree, in Orissa, is situated in latitude $20^{\circ} 38'$ North, and longitude $86^{\circ} 15'$ East. According to the Hindoo authorities, it was built A.D. 1198, by Rajah Anonda Bheem Deb, under the superintendence of his minister Bajpoi, at a cost of 50 lakhs of rupees, or £500,000 sterling. It is surrounded with a stone wall twenty feet high, and forms a square of 650 feet. Besides the large pagoda, there are about fifty smaller temples, in honour of Shira Kalee and other Hindoo deities. There are four gates, one at each side of the square, but the principal entrance is the Singha-devar, or the "Lion-gate." Immediately before this gate, outside the wall, is a beautiful column, which formerly adorned the black pagoda, but which was removed to its present position by a wealthy inhabitant of Pooree; it is in honour of the sun. Near the Singha-devar is a monastery, belonging to a sect of Voishnobs, very richly endowed; it is frequented by the most learned pundits of India, and the *mohont*, or superior, is a venerable man, of high reputation for learning and sanctity, and is adored by his disciples, whose number, it is stated, amounts to several thousands.

The principal building within the walls is 180 feet high, and 32 feet square, on every part of which, in bold relief, are representations of the most obscene and abominable description. This, however, is not confined to the Pooree temple, for in various parts of Bengal, on the temples of Shiva, I have beheld sculpture, which, had I not seen, I should not have believed could exist. Sculpture of the same kind disgrace all the temples within the enclosure. Upwards of 3000 families of priests and other servants of the idol are supported by the revenues of the temple, among whom are 400 families of cooks and 120 women of ill fame, who are kept for the avowed purpose of dancing before the idols. How affecting the comparative apathy with which the followers of the pure and holy Jesus have so long regarded the abominations and pollutions of idolatry, so openly practised and so perseveringly upheld in India !

Connected with this temples, three idols are the great objects of attraction, the chief of these is the great Juggernath, or Jögöt-nāt'h, from the Sanscrit Jögöt, world, and nāt'h, lord—" Lord of the World." The next in importance is his brother, Bollobhodro, the " Great Lord ;" and the third, his sister, Soobhodro, which may be translated, " the Great Beauty."

The idol called Jögöt-nāt'h is a huge unsightly figure of wood, bearing some distant resemblance to the human form, but without legs or arms, excepting two short projections or stumps proceeding from the upper part of the trunk ; it is painted black, with a red mouth, and large red and white circles for eyes. The form of Bollobhodro resembles, in appearance, that of the principal idol, but is painted white ; whilst their sister, though denominated the "*Great Beauty*," is the most deformed of all, having neither arms, legs, or neck, the head of the figure consisting of a round block of wood painted yellow, fixed upon the shoulders. These three idols are placed in separate cars, one of which is forty-

three feet high, and has sixteen wheels; the other two, forty-one and forty feet high, have each fourteen wheels.

The origin of Jōgōt-nā'th is differently related by the Hindoos themselves, but is generally believed to be as follows: Kristno, the eighth incarnation of Vishnoo, having been killed by a hunter, his body was left to rot in the forest. After a time, some zealous individuals collected his bones, and, depositing them in a box, kept them a considerable time, when the Rajah Indradomon, a man held in great veneration, under the instruction of Vishnoo, obtained possession of the bones; and, entreating the assistance of Vishno-koormo, the architect of the gods, to prepare an image, in which the bones of Kristno were to be deposited. Vishnoo-koormo is reported to have consented, on the condition that, if interrupted by any one in his work, he would leave the figure in an unfinished state. He commenced, and in one night built a temple on the Neel-giri, or blue mountains of Orissa. He then proceeded to prepare an image to receive the bones of Kristno, and continued at his work fifteen days. Rajah Indradomon, hearing no noise, and seeing the temple complete, imagining the work was finished, and that Vishno Koormo had ascended to the gods, entered the building, and to his astonishment found the architect still engaged. Filled with wrath at the interruption, the workman left his image without legs, or hands, or neck. In his distress, the king prayed to Bromha, who promised to make the image famous in its present shape. The king, on receiving this promise, prepared to set up this unfinished idol, and invited all the gods to the ceremony, and Bromha himself officiated as high priest on the occasion, which established the fame of Jogot-nā'th for ever.

In the month of June, the ceremony of drawing the car of Jōgōt-nā'th takes place. On the day previous to the ceremony, the three cars are brought out and arranged opposite to the Singha-

devar. At the appointed time, the three idols, Jögöt-nāt'h, Bollobhadro, and Soobhodro, are brought forth, and placed on their respective thrones. Platforms are erected on the car and in front of the idols, and these platforms are thronged with Brahmins. Large cables are attached to the cars, and thousands of persons, hitherto forced into the service by the officers of government, arrange themselves in order to drag the ponderous vehicle, and wait the signal to move. The dense multitudes are at this moment in the greatest degree of excitement, and all eyes are directed towards the cars, which, covered with cloth of the most gaudy colours, and adorned with silver, present, in the eyes of an ignorant, superstitious, and infatuated multitude, a most imposing appearance. Several elephants belonging to the establishment, and kept avowedly for the service of the gods, are clothed in superb trappings, and stationed at different parts of the road along which the procession is to pass, to do honour to the idols. Innumerable banners wave in the air, and great numbers of musicians, with all kinds of instruments, are stationed around the cars. When the auspicious moment arrives, the signal is given, and hundreds of drums, trumpets, &c. send forth their deafening and discordant sounds, whilst the shouts of the men, and the screams of the women, rend the air. In the midst of this tumult, the cars begin to move, and shouts of "*Hōri bol,*" and "*Jögöt-nāt'h swamie ka joe,*" "*Victory to the lord Jöcöt-nāt'h,*" uttered by perhaps 150,000 voices, produce in the minds of the people feelings bordering on delirious frenzy. The Brahmins on the platforms in front of the images sing the praises of the gods, and in the chorus all the people join. Songs of the most polluting description are also chanted by the priests, and these form a prominent part of the religious ceremonies of the day. To these iniquitous songs, the people of all ages and both sexes listen, and respond, with a degree

of seeming delight, which forms one of the most affecting demonstrations ever witnessed of the fatal power of idolatry to debase and destroy all that distinguishes the human faculties from mere animal feeling. Having arrived at the place where the cars are to remain, the crowds return to the vicinity of the temple, to spend the night in riot and debauchery. After eight days, the ceremony of the *Volta ruth*, or the bringing back the cars and the idols to the temple, takes place, when similar scenes are witnessed; after which the crowds disperse by degrees, and prepare for their return home.

To this festival about 200,000 pilgrims, three-fourths of whom are females, from all parts of India, but principally from Bengal, generally resort, in the vain hope of obtaining salvation by beholding this unsightly image, so impiously designated the "Lord of the World." The festival occurs during the rainy season, when the low lands of Bengal are nearly under water, and the distress experienced by the pilgrims, and the diseases induced by this circumstance, during their journey, exceed all belief. It is supposed that one-fourth of the pilgrims to Jögöt-nāt'h, or 50,000 individuals, perish annually by sickness, hunger, and fatigue! Frequently a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and two or three children, leave their native village on a pilgrimage to Jögöt-nāt'h, accompanied by four or five women, generally widows, belonging to the same caste, and residents of the same village. They have with them a few bundles, containing a change of clothing for each person, an earthen pot, some rice and pease, and perhaps about fifty rupees in money. Filled with hope, they commence a journey on foot of perhaps three hundred miles. They travel slowly, and at noon, gathering a few sticks, make a fire and cook a portion of their rice, which having eaten under the shade of a tree, they pursue their journey, until they arrive at some place where they must rest for

the night. On account of the number of travellers, many are compelled to sleep in the open air, on the damp ground. At daylight they resume their journey, at noon eat their scanty meal under the shade of a tree, and again at night sleep in the open air, or, if enabled to get a lodging in any of the *sarais*, (inns,) the small dirty and windowless rooms, with mud walls and thatched roofs, are crowded to excess with miserable wretches, lying on the mud floor, and when the thermometer in the open air at midnight, in that sultry month, is near 90°; within that dirty building, men, women, and children are huddled together, with scarcely room to stir.

Under these circumstances, the travellers often proceed day after day, for about a month, the rains and inundations frequently detaining them on the road. By the time they approach Jögōt-nā'th, one-half of their money is expended; and in paying to the British government the pilgrim tax, without doing which the object of their journey would be lost, and in the purchase of provisions, &c., the price of which at Pooree, at this particular season, is raised fourfold, the remainder of their money is exhausted. They see the idol—join in the shouts of the multitude—listen with delight to the filthy obscene songs which are sung, and with their usual improvidence remain on the spot until excitement gives place to exhaustion, and hunger, and poverty, and helplessness reduce them to a state of the utmost despondency and wretchedness.

Three hundred miles from home, destitute of all provision, many are found without a single rupee, or any means of providing food necessary to the preservation of life. To add to their distress, the filth of the place, and the hardships they endure, disease, frequently cholera, makes its appearance—medical aid is not to be obtained, and to proceed on their journey is impossible. Seated by the roadside, imploring charity from the returning

pilgrims, the great majority of whom are in as wretched circumstances as themselves, small parties are often seen weeping and praying for relief, till, wasted by sickness and famine, one or more of the number expire, and are left to decay on the spot where they fell, or be devoured by vultures or beasts of prey. The rest, depending on the casual bounty of others on the road, slowly proceed, and, after losing by death one or two more of the party, in process of time again enter their own quiet village, but like living skeletons; and on reaching their own doors, they often give vent to their feelings in strong cries and tears.

A missionary, now labouring at Pooree, writes as follows :—
“On one occasion, I witnessed such scenes of cruelty and misery, as no time can ever obliterate from my memory. In one small space of ground (about an acre) I counted upwards of a hundred and forty dead bodies, and in another place ninety : the latter especially were exposed close by the highway, on each side of it, naked, swollen, and putrefying, in the open face of day ; while the numbers which might be seen, in other places, and on the roadside, many miles from Pooree, defied calculation. Were I to detail facts which came under my observation, of husbands losing their wives, wives their husbands, children their parents, and parents their children, I could fill a volume ; suffice it to say, we have relieved many a child of misery, by administering medicine to the sick, clothing to the naked, food to the hungry, and money to the destitute ; but what we have been able to do falls short indeed of the wants of the miserable. Many a heart-rending scene we have been called to witness, where we could afford no relief ; many poor creatures we have dismissed with partial assistance, under a full persuasion that they would soon want again, and die : and many a scene of death have we endured, and turned away with a heavy overflowing heart from many a fellow-creature, dying

without God and without hope, the victims of this wretched superstition."

Such is idolatry! We mourn over the calamities induced by war; but what are these when compared with the ravages of idolatry! Of the votaries of Jögōt-nāt'h alone, nearly 50,000 annually perish, and at the other *jatras*, pilgrimages made to Gunga-Sagor, Allahabad, Gya, Tripetty, &c., perhaps as many more. What can be done to save these immense multitudes from death? Send them the gospel—send them missionaries, that, instructed in the word of God, they may, by the Divine blessing, be delivered from the cruel and polluting infatuations of idolatry, and rescued from the power of the destroyer.

A BAPTISM OF TEARS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

LIKE a weak ship amid the sea,
Is human life through misery ;
And storms would wreck, and billows whelm,
Did no good angel guide the helm ;
Therefore, O God, on thee we call,
Almighty One, to succour all !

Not on the whirlwind's wing upborne,
Not in the glory of the morn,
Ask we thy presence ; but thy power
To strengthen each frail child of clay
In life's adverse, o'erclouded hour,
When his own spirit dies away !
Ah, though the day be calm and bright,
And glorious the sublimer night,
And fields, and flowers, and waters shine
As fair as on their earliest day,
Yet man, a creature half divine,
Goes drooping, mourning on his way !
Then, from the heavens thy dwelling-place,
Father of all, look down and see,
How wo hath left its darkening trace
Upon thy human family !

The poor,—their heritage is toil ;
Their fourscore years are given as spoil

To the rich man ; their bread they gain
 By watching, weariness, and pain ;
 Hope knows them not ; and cares and fears
 Have bowed them like a load of years.
 Their life, through caring for to-day,
 Doth pass like one long pang away.
 Behold them, Father, where they lie,
 Blighted by many miseries,
 Hungry and cold ; to woe disease
 A prey ; unmarked by human eye,
 Unpitied by a human heart !
 Oh comfort them, and give them power
 To look beyond the present hour,
 Merciful, as thou art !
 Oh give them virtue to gainsay
 The cruel tempter night and day ;
 And hope, and health, and fortitude,
 To turn life's evil into good ;
 And a meek contrite heart, to bend
 Before thee ! Let them know thee, Friend,
 And Father ! God, so visit these,
 And lighten life of its worst miseries.

 And, oh, be thy great mercy sent
 Unto the feeble penitent—
 The wanderer from the narrow way,
 The youthful spirit gone astray—
 Most miserable, who cannot win
 Repose by night, or peace by day—
 The self-accused, who loathes his sin,
 Yet hath not strength to break ;
 Oh save him, for thy mercy's sake !

Call, call him back, for he doth yearn
Toward thee, and longeth to return,
Thine erring, doubting, trembling child,
That seeketh to be reconciled,
Yet dare not look to thee,
Although like life he loveth thee.
Oh, do not cast him off, but still
Strengthen his feeble will !
Call, call him back, and bid him cease
From sin, and sin in dust deplore ;
And give him thy serenest peace,
And give him hope, and he
Will fly to thee rejoicingly,
And sin no more.

Another lot of misery !
I see it bowing to the earth
Children that know not childhood's mirth ;
Their drooping forms I see ;
But who can see their drooping heart—
Who know the anguish that they bear,—
The harrowed soul, the mortal smart,
That bears through life the wound of care ?
Penuried heirs of wretchedness,
Who ne'er the smile of mercy saw,
Who have no kinder friend than *law*,
Whom no eye sees to bless !
O God, look down and see
Their unshared, desolate misery ;
Pity their unawakened sense,
And their blind hopeless ignorance :

Oh teach them right from wrong
Whom no man teaches, and instil
Into their abject spirits virtues strong,
And joy which at small fountains drinks its fill.
My tongue is all unskilled to pour,
O Lord, a fitting prayer to thee,
Yet would I crave, once more, once more,
For poor humanity ;
For him whose mortal die is cast,
Who sees his life's sands ebbing fast,
Yet has no hope, no stay, no trust ;
A shrinking, feeble, fearful thing,
That to the fading world doth cling,
Yet knows each earth-made idol, dust !
A doubter once, but now who sees
Before him stern realities—
Death, and an awful Judge, who lent
Life not to be misspent !
And now who knows, alas, too late,
How vain a dreamer he has been,
And, shuddering, feels the past a weight
Of mortal, unredeemed sin ;
And the great work to be begun
Just when the day is done !
Mighty Avenger, spare, O spare !
Bow not his spirit to despair !
Oh seal thine awful work with grace,
Though bought with mortal agony,
And let him hope to see thy face,
Poor sinner though he be,
And meet a Father and a Friend in thee !

THE LAND OF REST.

"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

Heb iv. 9.

OH ! land of rest, we look to thee
 When darkness round our path-way lies,
 When tempests blow,
 And waters flow,
 Sweeping the lovely from our eyes ;
 No storm thou know'st, or treacherous sea,
 And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh ! land of rest, we look to thee,
 When by the bed of death we stand,
 Watching until
 The Master's will
 Shall to his bar the soul command ;
 Thy sons fade not at death's decree,
 And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh ! land of rest, we look to thee
 Whene'er iniquities prevail,
 When all within
 Is dark with sin,
 And Satan's wiles our peace assail ;
 Where thou art, nought impure shall be,
 And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh ! land of rest, we look to thee
As exiles homeward bound may turn,
Where to their eyes
The cliffs arise,
Of the dear land for which they yearn ;
Our home *thou* art, sad exiles *we*,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh ! land of rest, we look to thee
For brighter suns than light us here,
For purer balm,
And truer calm,
And holy love unblent with fear ;
Thy clime hath all our eyes would see,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Yet, oh, thou land of heavenly rest !
End of our hopes, we prize thee more,
That we shall sit
At Jesu's feet.
Soon as we reach thy happy shore ;
And walk with him—the glad ! the free !
And therefore do we look to thee.

GENEVRE.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY THE REV. F. A. COX, D. D. L. L. D.

ON the memorable occasion when a bush, burning but unconsumed, appeared to Moses at the back of Horeb, "the mountain of God," he heard the following words—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The vast circumference around, with the over-arching canopy of a cloudless sky, became at once a temple of worship; the level desert was a pavement on which the footsteps of a present Deity were impressed; and the splendour shining from afar, was the repelling yet attracting glory of the Shekinah, which hereafter "dwelt between the cherubim." A moment before it was a dreary solitude—a moment afterwards it was a solitude and a desert still; but, astonishing as was the outward appearance of blazing light, the moral perceptions and associations of the soul, roused into action by the voice of Jehovah, rather than any merely external vision, converted the whole scene into the magnificent antechamber of heaven, and spread a celestial hue over all creation.

It is even thus, that the more spiritual manifestations of the new testament economy invest with majesty the meanest places, and impart surpassing interest to the simplest exercises of duty and religion. The mind is conscious, through faith, of a miracle of grace and mercy analogous to that which the illustrious Hebrew witnessed, and which by its hallowed associations trans-

forms the wilderness of time into the glorious abode of "the lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." The invisible is rendered visible; the shadowings of great conceptions become realities; and that which is infinite and eternal is brought, as it were, within the precincts of a finite mind.

This idea, susceptible of illustration by many of the observances of religion, is more especially realized in the administration of what is called by way of distinction, *the last Supper*. He who has not felt, in participating its simple elements, the sadness of sorrow sweetly commingling with the joys of pardon; he whose spirit has not been humbled by remembrances of sin, while it has been refreshed and animated by thoughts of redeeming love; he who has not risen above the sphere of mortal passions and human pleasures, and enjoyed the conscious elevations of a sanctified heart, even amidst its self-abasements and mortifications, till it was plain that "the tabernacle of God was with men,"—has never yet kept the supper of the Lord.

The *place* of its original institution suggests a subject of useful reflection; it was in "a large upper room" at Jerusalem, in the house of a man to whom the Saviour had commissioned his disciples to go and make the needful preparations for the passover. It is not places that ennoble acts, but acts that ennoble places. Lucian sarcastically remarks of the Egyptians, that in entering one of their temples, you would behold a prodigious magnificence of architecture, and in consequence have the mind excited to the highest expectations of the object of worship, when, lo, at the end of the splendid edifice, *an ape* would be seen to invite your adorations! But whatever may be our ideas of heathenism, there must be something ineffably worse than ridiculous to the omniscient observer, in the grandeur and decoration of edifices consecrated to religion, as associated with the mean and sinful passions which too often intermingle with the formalities of

Christian worship. Let imagination portray the "upper room" of the primitive sacrament, and see if it do not excel in glory all that the pomp of art could invent for adorning, by its beautiful accordance with the simplicity of that transaction which the Evangelists record. There were no marble pillars supporting the gothic arch and the fretted roof; no altar-piece of elaborate workmanship with a sculptured or a pictured back-ground to allure the sight; no gaudy-coloured window to intercept and modify the light, to aid the effect of sombre shadows upon the senses; no deep-toned organ pealing its sacred melody along the aisles, and echoing from the lofty building; no costly vestments to impose upon the eye, and attract the reverential gaze of spectators towards mitred and ermined administrators;—but there were feeling, solemnity, purity, peace! It was the "guest chamber," befitting the "man of sorrows" with his few disciples, harmonizing with the moral greatness that chose for its birth-place the manger of Bethlehem, and held its hallowed festivity at an upper room in Jerusalem.

The *time* of this commemorative feast enhances the interest of it. "In the *evening* he cometh with the twelve." From the course of nature, as well as from the constitution of the mind, it is common for all persons to be conscious of the tranquillizing influence of this closing portion of the day. It is favourable to meditation, and supplies it with ample materials. It is the hour for mental repose, and peculiarly suited to concentrated and pious thought, to solemn and sacred purposes. It is then that transactions which have the stamp of heaven and eternity upon them seem peculiarly appropriate; for as the approaching shadows spread their mistiness and obscurity around, the future seems to be absorbing the present, and time appears to be passing the boundary line of the visible and the temporary, and stepping into the invisible and eternal.

But it is not so much the hour itself of this memorable evening, as its associate circumstances, that renders it so solemn and awful. It was a night of crime; "the same night in which he was betrayed;" and the treachery which opened the path to the Redeemer's crucifixion was not perpetrated by a foe who had tracked his steps, and watched his privacy, but by an avowed friend—a disciple, an intimate, a confidential officer of his little household—by Judas Iscariot! Just at the moment when the light of his countenance beamed with inexpressible benignity upon the circle of his chosen ones, and they were sharing the last supper, and participating the tokens of his love, the dark eye of the traitor scowled upon the Son of man, as Satan "looked askance" into the paradise whose happy tenants he planned to destroy; and his darker soul, having "covenanted" with the chief priests for "thirty pieces of silver," was carrying on the plot to its awful consummation. Thus were heaven's love and hell's malignity seen in surprising contrast, while the "determinate counsel and foreknowledge" of God counterworked mysteriously the efforts of the "wicked hands" that slew the "holy one and the just."

The *party* convened on this occasion, and the *conversation* that ensued, stamp it with a peculiar and impressive character. Were we to fancy a festive board surrounded with the potentates of the earth, and emblazoned with the insignia of their exalted rank, discussing the affairs of nations, and determining, so far as they could determine, the temporal destinies of mankind,—how intense would be the feeling with which we should read the record of such a convention! With what curiosity would every word be marked, and with what emotions would every proceeding be traced upon the historic page! But this meeting in the "upper room" of the holy city is infinitely more worthy of record and celebration, and, were we not "carnally minded," must be

regarded by all generations with sentiments of profounder interest. There sat, in all the majesty of meekness, and in all the glory of "grace and truth," the incarnate Son of God; and there were "the twelve,"—illustrious, not in worldly rank and station, but in the "honour that comes from God!" That wonderful life was now approaching its termination, which was given for the ransom of apostate millions, and which, in its benevolence and its revelations of truth and of character, shone upon beclouded man like a gleam of sunshine from the upper heavens: but ere the blessed Jesus left this happy group, and the world where he was about to offer by his death the last real atonement for sin, he made himself eminently "known" to the favoured few in "breaking of bread." And these were the heroes whom the "Captain of salvation" had destined for the moral conquest of the world, and whose spirits he was now refreshing for the conflict by his presence and promises. The witnesses of his miracles, of the grandeur of his transfiguration, the almost greater grandeur of his humility and sorrows, and subsequently of "the decease" which he "accomplished," and the resurrection from the dead which he achieved—were there; and they were thus taught, first, to subdue themselves, to abase and mortify the corrupt passions of their nature, and then to subjugate to the yoke of Christ the rebellious children of men; and, with his transferred crown of thorns on their brow, fighting the good fight, to overthrow both human and Satanic usurpations, and win immortal empire for their Lord!

But of the holy and the happy number there was one—and as he partook of the simple meal, he said it, with premonitory solemnity, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." What he uttered, they knew must be truth, however inconceivable and inexplicable; and with overwhelming sensations of grief and anxiety they inquired, each one for

himself, "Lord, is it I?" Even Judas put the question, as if he doubted, or as if his treason could be concealed; and while he dipped his hand in the dish with him, purposing to dip it in his blood, he received the all-foreseeing intimation of his conspiracy and treason, "Thou hast said." He then left the assembly—and let him go, and betray the innocent one, and suffer the curse of his crime!—we will turn from the fiendish spectacle, and listen to the converse of the divine sufferer. It needs no comment—let it stand in the perfect narrative of the inspired historian, in the reminiscences to which it invites each humble disciple, and in the gracious promise of the heavenly sacrament which it includes. "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom. And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."

ANSWERS TO THREE QUESTIONS.

WHAT DO YOU LOVE MOST ?

WHAT DO YOU HATE MOST ?—AND

WHAT DO YOU FEAR MOST ?

BY MRS. ABDY.

WHAT DO YOU LOVE MOST ?

WHAT do I love ?—Too many ties
 Alas ! connect my heart with earth,
 The goods and gifts of life I prize,
 And fondly love my home and hearth.

We are but passing pilgrims here,
 And even the purest earthly love
 May chain us to this lower sphere,
 And clog the spirit's flight above.

Yet though by worldly shades pursued,
 Though worldly thoughts my mind enthral,
 Still, still I turn in gratitude
 To Him whose bounty gave me all :

And trust I humbly may declare,
 Without a vain and specious boast,
 Of all that in my heart have share,
 Lord ! it is thee I love the most.

WHAT DO YOU HATE MOST ?

What do I hate ?—Such words as these
Surprise in Christian breasts create ;
Our watch-word should be love and peace :
What can a Christian do with hate ?

When anger in my mind hath place,
When jealous foes around me rise,
Let me His blessed words retrace,
Who bids us “ love our enemies.”

Yet while thus patient I abide,
When o'er myself is held the rod,
Oh ! may I still have strength to chide
The open enemies of God.

Let me no false indulgence show
When such my sanction strive to win,
But boldly to the world avow
The object of my hate is—Sin !

WHAT DO YOU FEAR MOST ?

What do I fear ?—In former years
I should have said with faltering breath,
The subject of my deepest fears,
The ill that most I dread is—Death.

But thou, my Saviour, thou hast blest
My fainting soul with strength at last,
Safely on thy dear love I rest,
Freely on thee my sins I cast.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
I rest me from the world's vain strife;
My soul to thee securely clings,
Who died to give me endless life.

And though at times from death I shrink,
With somewhat of my former fear,
Soon on thy goodness as I think
I see the shadows disappear,

And feel that through thy saving love,
And through thy mercy's boundless scope,
Death can no lasting terror prove
To one who lives in Christian hope.

S T A N Z A S,
IN MEMORY OF
ROWLAND HODGSON, ESQ., OF SHEFFIELD,

Who departed this life January 27, 1837, aged sixty-three years.

Through a long period of severe bodily suffering, aggravated in the sequel by blindness, he signally exemplified the Christian graces of *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, with humble resignation to the will of God. He had been from his youth one of the most active, liberal, and unwearied supporters of benevolent and evangelical institutions in the neighbourhood and elsewhere.

“AND THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME.”—GAL. i. 24.

PART I.

Go where thine heart had gone before,
And thy heart's treasure lay ;
Go, and with opened eye explore
Heaven's uncreated day ;
Light in the Lord, light's fountain, see,
And light in him for ever be.

But darkness thou hast left behind ;
No sign, no sight, no sound,
At home, abroad, of thee I find
Where thou wert ever found ;
Then gaze I on thy vacant place,
Till my soul's eye meets thy soul's face :—

As, many a time, quite through the veil
Of flesh, 'twas wont to shine,
When thy meek aspect, saintly pale,
In kindness turned to mine,
And the quenched eye, its film forgot,
Looked full on me,—yet saw me not.

Then through the body's dim eclipse,
What humble accents broke,
While breathing prayer or praise, thy lips
Of light within thee spoke ;
'Midst Egypt's darkness to be felt,
The mind in its own Goshen dwelt.

Nor less in days of earlier health,
When life to thee was dear,
Borne on the flowing tide of wealth,
To me this truth was clear—
That hope in Christ was thy best health ;
Riches that make not wings, thy wealth.

When frequent sickness bowed thy head,
And every labouring breath,
As with a heavier impulse sped
Thy downward course to death,
Faith faltered not that hope to show,
Though words, like life's last drops, fell slow.

How often when I turned away,
As having seen the last
Of thee on earth, my heart would say,
—" When my few days are past,

Such strength be mine, though nature shrink,
The cup my Father gives to drink ! ”

I saw thee slumbering in thy shroud,
As yonder moon I view,
Now glimmering through a snow-white cloud,
’Midst heaven’s all-bounding blue :
—I saw thee lowered into the tomb,
Like that cloud deepening into gloom.

All gloom thy soul hath left behind ;
—It was not thee they wound
In dreary grave-clothes, and consigned
To perish in the ground ;
’Twas but thy mantle, dropt in sight,
When thou wert vanishing in light.

That mantle, in earth’s wardrobe lain,
A frail but precious trust,
Thou wilt return and wear again,
When, freed from worms and dust,
The bodies of the saints shall be
Their robes of immortality.

PART II.

These fragments of departed years,
I gather up, and store,
Since thou, in mercy to our tears
And prayers, art heal’d no more ;
In death’s stern war is no discharge,
—Yet walks the ransom’d soul at large.

For what, my friend, was death to thee ?
A King ! a Conqueror ?—No ;
Death, swallowed up in victory,
Himself a captive foe,
Was sent in chains to thy release,
By Him who on the cross made peace.

When year by year, on pilgrimage,
We journeyed side by side,
And pitched and struck, from stage to stage,
Our tents,—had we one guide ?
One aim ?—are *all* our meetings past ?
Must our last parting *be* the last ?

Nay, God forbid !—if hand and heart,
On earth we loved to roam,—
Where *once* to meet is *ne'er* to part,
In heaven's eternal home,
Our Father's house, not made with hands,
May we renew our friendship's bands !

Thus, as I knew thee well and long,
Thy private worth be told ;
What thou wert more,—affection's song
Presumes not to unfold ;
Thy works of faith and zeal of love
Are they not registered above ?

Are they not registered below ?
—If few their praise record,
Yet in the judgment, all shall know
Thou didst them to thy Lord ;

For 'twas thy soul's delight to cheer
The least of all his brethren here.

Though less than even the least of these,
Thou didst thyself esteem,
Thou wert a flower-awakening breeze,
A meadow-watering stream ;
The breeze unseen its odours shed,
The stream unheard its bounty spread.

What art thou now ?—Methinks for thee,
Heaven brightens round its King ;
New beams of the Divinity,
New-lauding spirits bring,
As God on each his image seals,
And ray by ray *Himself* reveals.

And ray by ray, those thronging lines
To one great centre tend,
Fulness of grace and glory shines
In Christ their source and end,
To show, where all perfections meet,
The orb of Deity complete.

PART III.

So rest in peace, thou blessed soul !
Where sin and sorrow end ;
So may I follow to that goal—
Not thee, not thee, my friend !
But *Him*, whom thou through joy and wo,
Thyself didst follow on to know.

Faint yet pursuing, I am strong
 Whene'er his steps I trace ;
Else, slow of heart and prone to wrong,
 I yet may lose the race,
If on *thy* course I fix mine eye,
And *Him* in *thee* not glorify.

The wild, the mountain-top, the sea,
 The thronged highway *He* trode,
The path to quiet Bethany,
 And Calvary's dolorous road ;
Where, thus, *He* leads me must be right,
I walk by faith, and not by sight.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield, March 2, 1837.

BOTTESFORD CHURCH,

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE EARLS OF RUTLAND.

BY T. W. AVELING.

TREAD softly o'er the hallowed ground
Where sleep the silent dead,
With monumental marble crowned,
With banners overspread.

The struggling light through windows high
Falls o'er the pillared tomb,
And gilds the sculptured forms that lie
Enrobed with sacred gloom.

The babe, for whom the mother wept
With anguish deep and wild ;
The bright-eyed maid, who early slept,
With spirit unbeguiled ;

The warrior brave—his warfare o'er—
The matron passing fair—
The schoolman versed in lettered lore—
Are softly slumbering here.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. H. B. ST. FRANCIS, CALIF., 1880.

St. Francis, San Francisco, California.



Nor beauty's pride, nor birth, nor power,
Nor fame, nor wealth, nor age,
Hath found a voice to stay the hour
That ends life's pilgrimage.

The hoary head—youth's radiant bloom—
And manhood's noble pride,
Alike are vain—within the tomb
The fairest form must hide.

'Tis well to stand where others sleep
In death's still, dreamless slumber,
And, 'mid the silence lone and deep,
Our own fleet moments number.

How many oft with footsteps slow
Have o'er these pavements trod,
Who rest in peaceful slumbers now,
Where yew-trees shade the sod.

And voices sweet that rose on high,
And solemn music made,
When the full tide of song rolled by,
As pealing organs played—

Are heard no more ; and mine, whose tones
Wake up the echoes shrill,
That sleep 'mid these sepulchral stones,
Will soon in death be still.

No sorrow then will cloud my brow,
Life's troubled moments o'er,
Darkness her robe will o'er me throw,
Nor sin oppress me more.

I ask not that my weary head,
When Time's last hour shall close,
When the freed soul from earth has fled,
'Neath marble may repose ;

But lay me near a spreading tree,
Where wild flowers spring around,
The green grass shall my covering be,
My bed the cold damp ground.

Perchance, when evening's hour is nigh,
Some friend will wander near,
And wake remembrance with a sigh
To him who slumbers there.

ROTUMA, OR WALLIS'S ISLAND.

BY THE REV. J. WILLIAMS.

WALLIS's island is one of the numerous and verdant little spots which enliven and adorn the vast Pacific Ocean. They are frequently in clusters, and it is a remarkable fact, that several of the groups consist of eight islands. There are, however, many single islands, whose beauties are rendered still more enchanting by the wide expanse of waters around them; so that all the powers of admiration are concentrated upon the one verdant spot which invites attention.

Wallis's island is situated 13. 16. S. lat. and 176. 50. W. lon. about two hundred and fifty miles west of the Samoa or Navigators' Islands.

This island, though small, is rich in all the productions of tropical climes, which in many instances surpass the powers of description. The convolvulus and other creeping plants, by their luxuriance, cover the ground with their foliage, while they embellish the carpet of nature they form with the variegated flowers which they bear. The banana and the mountain plantain, the one with its rich and golden-coloured cluster of fruit, partially hid among the magnificent leaves by which it is shaded, next invites your attention. The dracenæ also, or ti-plant, expands its glossy and spear-shaped leaves, beneath which hangs pendent, its beautiful, its chaste and fragrant blossom. Then

the *Barringtonia* or the mape * rears its gigantic form, and extends its wide-spreading branches, as if it were determined to engross an island to itself; but the elegant *casuarina* forces its way up, and fills the interstices with its wiry foliage; and the stately cocoa-nut tree, finding but little space amidst this luxuriant contention of nature, pushes its way through, until its graceful plumes, as if conscious of victory and superiority, tower above the trees of the grove, and wave majestically to the passing breeze. The numerous parasitical plants hang in a profusion of festoons from almost every branch, and give a rich but graceful wildness to the scene.

The effect of the scenery in the isles of the Pacific is heightened by the variety of objects which are within the range of distinct observation. The majestic tree and the lowly shrub, the lofty mountain towering in the clouds, and the sandy beach, whose minute particles almost elude your grasp, are all within the range of your vision; and a vividness is given to the whole by the clearness of the atmosphere, and by the brilliancy with which the rays from the tropical sun flit and play about the objects upon which they alternately alight.

The native name of this island, Wallis's Island, is *Rotuma*, and, although seventeen hundred miles west of Tahiti, is said, by tradition, to have been visited by one of the ancient navigators of the Society Isles. Indeed, the celebrated seat, *Reuea*,† used by the chief of Raiatea in all their sacred festivals, is said to have been brought by Hiro from Rotuma.

The inhabitants of this charming and retired little spot have ever been regarded as a mild and inoffensive race, and the females as being more attractive in their persons than those of other islands. These circumstances induced the commanders

* *Inocarpus*, or tropical chesnut tree.

† See *Missionary Enterprises*, p. 230.

of vessels, especially those engaged in the whale fishery, to resort frequently to this island; and very many of the sailors left their vessels, and took up their residence on the shore. Thus it will appear that intercourse between Europeans and the inhabitants of this secluded garden of the ocean has been considerable before Missionary influence had reached the aborigines. This, as the sequel will shew, is deeply to be deplored, for the subsequent history of this devoted isle is connected with the most tragical events.

Some few years ago, a person possessing a small schooner and a little property, settled on the island, and soon obtained influence and authority there; but by his unjust extortions and cruelties, he rendered himself obnoxious to the inhabitants, who determined to rid themselves of their unwelcome intruder. Of this he became aware, and took a variety of methods to secure himself against their design. Among other things, he erected a house upon posts, which he ascended by a ladder, that he drew up after him. Being out, however, one day on a shooting excursion, while in the act of taking aim, the natives effected his destruction.

Not long after this, an English whaler was taken at this island, and the crew, twenty-eight in number, with the exception of the surgeon and cabin-boy, were all massacred by the natives. The little cabin-boy effected his escape by crawling among the casks in the hold of the ship.

The circumstances under which the surgeon was preserved were remarkable, but they are too well authenticated to admit of doubt. The ship in question was pursuing her way from the westward for Wallis's Island; on reaching which she was overtaken by a westerly gale, and driven to the Samoas, where she remained two days. While there, the surgeon had a dream, in which the Bible appeared open before him, and, while his eyes

were fixed upon a particular passage, a voice appeared to say to him, "Read that." The impression made upon his mind was very great; he felt convinced that some dreadful evil was about to befall the ship, and determined at all events to leave, and go on shore among the uncivilized Samoans. At the breakfast table, the following morning, he appeared low-spirited and thoughtful; upon observing which, the captain inquired into the cause, when Mr. S—— informed him of what had passed during the night; stating that he should never be happy again in the vessel, and prayed that the captain would allow him to leave. Mr. S—— had forgotten the passage that had been presented to his imagination, but taking up a Bible which was lying upon the lockers, and opening it, his eye caught the words which had been pointed out to him in his dream, and which were, "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, while the wicked pass on and are punished." The captain perceiving that the mind of Mr. S—— was under a more than ordinary impression, intimated that he would not oppose his wishes; he accordingly left the vessel, and, on my second visit to the Navigators, I found him there in a state of great destitution. On coming on board the *Messenger of Peace*, I supplied him with such articles of clothing as my stock would allow, conveyed him to Rarotonga, and subsequently to Tahiti; where by his medical skill he rendered invaluable service to the Mission families: indeed, humanly speaking, the life of that truly excellent missionary, Mr. Pitman, was prolonged by his skilful attentions. *We* had been called to consign *seven* lovely babes to a premature grave; our hopes and fears were again in lively exercise, and it was a matter of no small joy to us to have proper medical aid within reach under those peculiar circumstances. Mr. S—— was with us eight or ten months, and I had every reason to believe that a most salutary impression

had been made upon his mind ; for the Bible was his constant companion, and his conduct was consistent with the strictest rules of propriety.

I am fully aware that some persons regard impressions from dreams as the effect only of a disturbed imagination. I cannot now enter into the philosophy of dreams, but simply add, that I have never read any thing that, to my mind was satisfactory upon the subject. Lord Brougham's observations are inconclusive ; neither do I think that the phenomena of dreams can be accounted for by any *single* cause. Doubtless many nocturnal rambles are occasioned by a disordered state of the body, others arise from the intense occupancy of the thoughts upon any given subject during our waking hours ; (and indeed Mr. S—— informed me that he had been distressed for months at the unprecedented wickedness of the captain and crew of the ship, and he felt convinced that some signal judgment must befall them, and that the vessel would never reach England in safety.) But in addition to these and other causes, I think that there are abundant facts to induce the belief, and nothing in the word of God to contradict the conviction, that the human mind is frequently operated upon, when the body is in a state of repose, both by Divine and satanic influence : hence those excellent and salutary dreams which bad men occasionally have ; and those of a different character, of which the apostle Peter speaks, and with which the best of persons are frequently annoyed : but to proceed with the narrative. As soon as Mr. S—— left the vessel, the captain made sail for Rotuma, whence he had been driven by the westerly gale. On reaching it, he ran into the harbour, and dropped anchor. Not contented with the number of poor heathen females who went on board the ship, the captain and his crew, in a state of intoxication, hastened to the shore, and were in the act of compelling the chief's wife

and daughters to go off to the vessel, when the exasperated natives rose upon them, and inflicted summary vengeance by putting them all to death, and taking possession of the ship. Thus, in about thirty hours after Mr. S—— left the vessel, were his fearful forebodings realized, and the lifeless bodies of his wicked shipmates lying mangled and bloody on the beach at Rotuma.

Shortly after this event, one of H. B. Majesty's ships of war visited the spot where this tragical event had occurred, and fired upon the natives. Sixty of the latter were reported to have been killed, and many others wounded.

All this loss of property, (for the vessel and cargo are said to have been worth considerably above £10,000,) and of human life, is to be attributed to this ONE circumstance, *that intercourse between shipping and the natives had taken place before Missionary influence had reached the island. Had the latter preceded, in all human probability these dreadful and distressing events would never have occurred.*

AMOR E PRIMAVERA.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

AMOR volea schernir la Primavera
 Sulla breve durata e passeggera
 Dei vaghi fiori suoi :
 Ma la bella Stagione a lui rispose ;
 “ Forse i piaceri tuoi
 “ Vita più lunga avran delle mie rose !”

“ Flores quos medio e sinu profundis,”
 Sic Ver est Amor (ut ferunt) locutus—
 “ Vix fulgore oculos ferire, nares
 “ Vix contingere suavi odore possunt :
 “ Quæ nasci hora videt, videt perire !”
 Huic Ver contrà, ut in hortuli rosetis.
 Ludebat, nimis acriter jocanti
 Respondit ; “ Tua scilicet corolla,
 “ Quam nectis juvenum choris gerendam,
 “ Nostris vitam aget heu ! rosis negatam.”

“ Thy flowers,” one day cried Love to Spring,
 “ Scarcely survive their blossoming ;
 “ Fleet one short month, frown one dark sky,
 “ They in their very cradle die !”
 Lightly sweet Spring the taunt retorted,
 As in her bower, all bloom, she sported :
 “ And will the joys thy reign discloses
 “ Flourish longer than my roses ?”

THE SAME, BY LORD GRENVILLE.

VERIS risit Amor rosas caducas ;
 Cui Ver, " Vane puer ! tuine flores,
 Quæso, perpetuum manent in ævum ?"

" Poor Spring !" said Love, " unhappy Spring !
 " How soon thy flowers decay !"
 " Vain boy !" said Spring, " on swifter wing
 " Pass not thy joys away ?"

EXPOSTULATION WITH LORD G.

BY LORD N.

ANSWER OF LOVE AND SPRING.

AND can for Love and Spring be found
 No better augury ?
 In thy sweet home, within, around,
 'Tis thus they answer thee :

" Harsh is thy censure, and unmeet
 " For Dropmore's happy bowers ;
 " Where young Affection fix'd it's seat
 " 'Midst never-dying flowers.

" Time hath pass'd on—but, faithful, we
 " Here pause upon the wing ;
 " For Love still smiles unchanged on thee,
 " And all thy year is Spring."



Engraved by J. W. Topley.

TREE PLANTED ON THE DAY JOHN RUSSE WAS BORN.

Now from the British Museum, London, in the collection of the

Printed by W. B. Barker.

THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN HUSS.

THE simple but majestic memorial of a tree planted on the spot where John Huss heroically suffered martyrdom, is one that arrests the attention of the stranger, and invests the scenery around the town of Constance with no common interest. On other occasions, and under far less important circumstances, the skill of the artist and the labour of the workman have been called in, to erect monuments of glory, or testimonials of public gratitude, as might best accord with the predominant feeling of the times. But here neither skill nor labour were required, yet the traveller may now repose beneath the stately and outstretching boughs, whose existence is traced back to the very day on which the martyr expired amidst surrounding flames.

It is difficult to suppose that the idea of establishing so simple and beautiful a memorial of the martyr's sufferings and death, could have originated in the malignant and persecuting spirit to which he owed his doom ; but as there was "one hand unseen" that strewed flowers upon the tomb of Nero, it may not be too fanciful to suppose that there might have been one bosom in the unpitying multitude whose hope was like his own, and that the planting of this tree was dictated by that holy sympathy which could only arise from similarity of faith, and union of soul.

Little, however, of this sympathy or union was exhibited on the great occasion to which Constance owes so much of its

importance in history. Famous as it is for having been the seat of many ecclesiastical convocations, the most eventful on record is that which sealed the martyrdom of John Huss, in 1415, when all the powers of the church, then at its zenith, and all the potentates in Christendom, assisted in person, or by proxy, at the great council. "At this tribunal, two aspirants to the papal throne were deposed, a third abdicated, and a fourth, in the person of Martin the Fifth, was promoted to the triple crown. Never before had the world witnessed an assembly uniting such transcendent attributes of ecclesiastical power and secular splendour. It was a concentration of all who stood pre-eminent in the departments of social and monastic life. Every kingdom, republic, state, city, and commune, that owned the papal sway, had here their representatives, deputies, or advocates. At this vast assembly, which had attracted upwards of one hundred thousand strangers, the Pope and the Emperor Sigismund presided. The former, who had succeeded Alexander the Fifth, and taken the name of John the Twenty-Third, was a man, according to the historians of that day, of insatiable ambition, unbounded avarice, and, though possessing some talents as a politician, without a single redeeming virtue as an ecclesiastic. He made his entrance into Constance, attended by nine cardinals, several archbishops, and inferior prelates, forming altogether a suite of six hundred persons, and was received with all possible magnificence. The whole body of the clergy met him in procession, bearing the relics of saints, offering presents, and celebrating his arrival as a solemn and pompous fête. All the magistracy and civic orders of the city, as well as the vast multitude of foreigners whom the occasion had brought from the remotest parts of Christendom, escorted him in triumph to the episcopal palace, saluting him as the Vicar of Jesus Christ—the Vicegerent of God on earth.

Sigismund, however, was in every respect the hero of the council, and added to his other imperial titles that of "Advocate and Defender of the Church." To his person nature had been liberal in her favours; he was a man of heroic stature, martial port, and noble presence, and inferior to no prince of his time in personal courage or knightly accomplishments. His reverses and imprisonment in Hungary, and his ill-success against the Turks, had somewhat softened, it is said, his naturally cruel propensities, and taught him lessons of justice and forbearance. These lessons, however, seem to have been remembered, or forgotten, as might suit the occasion, for his treachery towards John Huss has left an indelible stain upon his memory.

In times extremely favourable for the improvement of his various talents, when the university of Prague was in a flourishing state, owing to the great resort of scholars from all parts, John Huss appears to have made great progress in writing, and in obtaining the various honours which the university had to bestow. It is written by his own hand in the archives of this institution, that in the year 1393 he was made bachelor, master of arts in 1396, priest and preacher at Bethlehem in 1400, dean of the faculty of divines in 1401, and doctor of the academy in 1409. As much esteemed in the church as in the academy, he was in 1400 appointed confessor to Sophia of Bavaria, second wife of Wenceslaus, a princess of great merit, over whom John Huss held much influence. Five years after this, John Huss made himself very famous by the sermons he preached in the Bohemian language, in the celebrated chapel of Bethlehem, of which he was minister. It does not appear that he had been charged with any innovation before that; but one suspicious circumstance alleged against him was, that the works of John Wickliffe were known to be in his possession, though it is said by some that he remarked upon many of them in terms of

public disapprobation, at the same time that he preached openly in favour of others. His great crime, however, was, that, as his eyes became opened to the abuses of the church, he was emboldened to attack them with no sparing hand, shewing what impostures were practised by the priests; and in this he was countenanced and protected by Sigismund, king of Hungary, who had then assumed the title of governor of Bohemia. Indeed, so glaring were the abuses at this time, that a general feeling seems to have prevailed against them, though not a feeling sufficiently powerful to protect those who fell under the immediate power of the indignant church. Aware of the spirit now rapidly gaining ground amongst the Bohemians, Pope Alexander the Fifth ordered the archbishop of Prague to use all his diligence to stop the progress of the innovations; and, in pursuance of this order, Wickliffe's books were publicly committed to the flames; while, not content with this, an order was issued, that all curates who had had possession of them should be forbidden to preach in the chapels, even though licensed by the apostolic see. As this prohibition particularly affected John Huss, and his chapel of Bethlehem, he appealed, in the name of the university, to John the Twenty Third, successor to Alexander, and this pope having committed the affair to the examination of his doctors, the decision was, that the archbishop of Prague had acted without sufficient authority in the burning of Wickliffe's books.

Meantime, certain enemies of John Huss having given this pope to understand that he taught heresies at Prague, he was summoned to appear before the court of Rome, then kept at Bologna. But such was the respect and veneration in which he was held, that the king and the queen, the nobility, the university, and the city of Prague, sent a deputation to Rome, to desire the pope to dispense with John Huss's appearance in

person—on the one hand, because he had been summoned on a false accusation, and, on the other, because they deemed it unsafe for him to go to Rome, by reason of the enemies he had in Germany. In consequence of this, John Huss sent his proctors to the court, to answer for him; but they were very unworthily treated, after having stayed there a year and a half to no purpose. This was followed by the excommunication of Huss, who had no other remedy than to appeal to his Saviour, and await the issue of the next council. But his doom was now darkening upon him, and this very appeal was construed into a crime. When the season for the council drew near, he took measures for his security, but in vain; for though he obtained the testimonials of men who were influential in the church, in favour of his orthodoxy, and adopted every means of establishing it himself, all his efforts were unavailing. A powerful engine was in operation against him, and, amongst the friends upon whose support he had calculated, some proved faithless in the hour of trial.

About the 12th of October, 1414, he set out on his journey from Prague, to meet the great council at Constance, protected by a promise of safe-conduct from Sigismund. Though conscious of his own innocence, he did not prosecute his journey without forebodings of what would be its termination. In a letter written shortly before his departure, to a priest named Martin, an entreaty was inscribed on the back of it, that it should not be opened until certain news of his death should have been received; and in the same letter he speaks of his return in a very uncertain manner, saying, that he was resigned to the will of God, and even joyful to die in his cause.

The day after his arrival at Constance, John Huss caused it to be notified to John the Twenty-Third, by two of the Bohemian noblemen that were his convoy. They declared to

the pope, at the same time, that he was furnished with a safe-conduct from Sigismund; and they also desired his holiness to grant him his protection, and to take care that his safe-conduct was not violated. The pope received the lords very cordially, and made this protestation to them,—“Even though John Huss had killed my brother, I would make use of all my power to prevent any injustice being done to him while he stays at Constance.” And for a short time he did in reality enjoy his freedom; but two active and bitter enemies of his, one of whom had formerly been his friend, both animated with the same zeal against him, let no moment pass, nor any stone remain unturned, that might assist in bringing about his condemnation. For this purpose, they not only acted as adversaries or accusers, but as spies upon him, by watching his behaviour at home, and insinuated to the cardinals that it was proper to arrest him. And at last he received a deputation of influential men to summon him before the pope and cardinals, in order to give that account of his doctrines which he had so long wished to lay before the public.

In compliance with this summons, he set out without delay, accompanied by Count John de Chlum, a generous and zealous friend, who never abandoned him. When he arrived at the episcopal palace, one of the cardinals spoke to him in these terms: “Many complaints have been made to us against you, of such a nature, that, if they are just, it will be impossible to tolerate you; for public fame accuses you of having propagated capital and manifold errors in Bohemia, against the Catholic church. To know what truth there is in all this, is the reason we have sent for you hither.”

“I entreat you, my fathers, to be assured,” said Huss, “that I could sooner die than be convicted of any heresy, much less of any capital errors, as you say; for this reason I came with

joy to this council, and promise you, that if I am convicted of any error, I will abjure it without any hesitation."

With this answer the cardinals professed to be satisfied, and dismissed him until another meeting. In the mean time, a certain learned monk was sent to John Huss, with orders to feign himself ignorant, and thus to draw him into some unwary exposure of his heretical sentiments; and though the martyr manfully and boldly repelled the covert attacks of his enemy, he was, at the second meeting of the council, ordered into confinement as a close prisoner; and though his zealous friend appealed to the pope for a confirmation of his promise of protection, and publicly exhibited the safe-conduct of Sigismund, in which terms of affection were inserted, he obtained no redress, but had to submit to the gathering accusations which so commonly crowd upon a falling man.

The pope, who had justified his own want of faith upon the plea of the necessity he was under of submitting to the cardinals, now appointed commissioners to inquire into the case; and while John Huss lay sick in prison, unable to defend his own cause, he was even denied an advocate to plead for him, "because," said his judges, "the canon law prohibits the espousing or pleading the cause of a person suspected of heresy." And as, according to the same law, all manner of witnesses are admitted *against* a heretic, they did not fail to find many amongst the clergy of Bohemia, whom John Huss had exasperated by his preaching.

The result was such as neither the assiduity of friendship, nor the efforts of the indignant nobles of Bohemia, scarcely less interested than his personal friends, could avert. Yet so powerful and energetic were the movements made in his favour, that the council did all in their power to avoid the odium of a public trial and condemnation. On one hand, the doctors

pleaded that a public hearing ought not to be allowed to a heretic ; and on the other, it was apprehended that some uproar might attend a trial of that nature. The council, therefore, thought fit to send deputies to induce John Huss either to make recantation, or declaration, which might excuse them from hearing them in a public manner. His private examinations had already become very frequent, and the interrogatories put to him were accompanied with an air of violence and insult, enough to have shaken the constancy of a man already weakened by a tedious and severe imprisonment. After the last private hearing, he was put into the monastery of the Franciscans, where he was laden with chains until the day of his condemnation. A council was now held to examine his books, and in the mean time Sigismund, repenting, it is probable, of the injury he had done him, loudly asserted the justice of allowing him a public examination. In consequence of which, a formal trial was granted, but so great was the tumult when John Huss attempted to speak, that the most judicious of the members advised the putting off the affair until another day.

This was Friday the seventh of June, a day remarkable for a great eclipse of the sun, which was total at Prague, and almost entire at Constance. About one hour after the eclipse, while a feeling of solemnity and awe pervaded the public mind, the prelates again assembled in the presence of the emperor, whose presence the lords of Bohemia desired, in order to prevent the disorder which had disgraced the proceedings of the previous assembly.

John Huss now appeared a second time, accompanied by a great number of soldiers, and Michael de Causis had a paper containing the principal charge against him, which was supported by the evidence of several clergymen at Prague. John Huss answered this article by calling God to witness that he

never advanced such a proposition, and never so much as believed it. Several other articles were afterwards brought against him, but he defended himself with great calmness and address—after which he was remanded to prison.

John Huss appears to have been a man of singular courage and intrepidity of mind, for on this occasion he made no scruple to assert, that, had he been disinclined to come to the council at Constance, such was the friendly feeling, as well as the power of the dukes of Bohemia, that they would have secured him against both the Emperor and the King of Bohemia. And here his devoted friend, John de Chlum, added his assurance, that John Huss had asserted nothing but what was true, “for though,” said he, “I am one of the meanest lords in Bohemia, I would undertake to defend him for a twelvemonth against all the forces of the emperor and the king; and much more would the other nobles, who were more potent, and have stronger places than I have.” Even at the time of his condemnation, John Huss is said to have turned round, and steadily fixing his eye upon the emperor, addressed him in these words; “Sire, I have now the honour to tender my especial thanks for the *passport and safe-conduct* vouchsafed me at your imperial majesty’s hands:” at which the emperor betrayed his feelings by a guilty blush.

Yet resolute as was this undaunted man, and firm in his determination not to retract in any of the numerous instances in which his firmness was put to the test, his constancy had nothing in it that was obstinate or stoical. We find him sometimes assailed with the fear of death, but he immediately recovers himself under the hopes of assistance from God, which, with the prayers of his friends, he fervently implored. This appears from the words of his twenty-ninth letter: “I am far from

saying rashly with St. Peter, 'Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.' The strength and zeal of that apostle was incomparably greater than mine. Jesus Christ has not given me his talents; besides, I have more violent conflicts, and a greater number of shocks to sustain. I say, therefore, that, placing all my confidence in Jesus Christ, I am resolved, when I hear my sentence, to endure stedfast in the truth even to death, as the saints and you shall help me."

On the twenty-fourth of June, when he had avowed his determination neither to own the extracts made from his books to be erroneous, nor to abjure those laid to his charge by false witnesses, it was resolved to condemn his books to be burned—no doubt, with a view to intimidate him by such forerunners of his own fate. But this, like all other attempts of a similar nature, failed to shake his resolution.

On the fifth of July, another and a final trial was made upon him, by four bishops sent from the emperor; and these received with indignation his last refusal to recant. He was, therefore, remanded to prison until the following day, which was that of his condemnation, and the last of his life. Even until this time, this great and good man had not wholly despaired of being liberated, to return again to Bohemia, where it was evident from his letters, it was his full purpose to carry out the doctrines he had preached to yet farther extent. Yet, no way intimidated by his final sentence, he consoled himself with the thoughts that his books would live after him, and that others would embrace, extend, and disseminate his own doctrines.

As on other occasions of martyrdom, every species of insult and cruelty was practised upon the sufferer. A cap, intended by the grotesque figures upon it to excite the mockery of the spectators, was placed upon his head, while the priests and

public officers quarrelled amongst themselves about the manner in which they could most effectually insult and degrade him. Yet, while the assembled powers followed the martyr with a band of armed men, and a triumphant multitude so numerous that in crossing the bridge they were obliged to go singly lest it should break under them, John Huss employed himself in repeating penitential psalms, often exclaiming in these words, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Into thy hands, O God! I commend my spirit!"

Accompanied still with the infliction of every kind of indignity, and refused to speak to those around him, he reached at last the place of execution, where they bound him to a stake set up for the purpose; but his face happening to be turned towards the east, some thought it wrong, because he was a heretic, and therefore they turned him towards the west. An old author of his life observes, that his neck was fastened to the stake with a black and filthy chain, which had served for a pot-hanger. At which John Huss smiled, and made some pious reflections upon the ignominious sufferings of Jesus Christ. Being thus fastened, they piled the wood about him, to burn him, but before it was set on fire, the Elector Palatine, Count d'Oppenheim, marshal of the empire, advanced, to exhort him once more to retract, to save his life. But John Huss declared, that as what he had wrote and taught was only to rescue souls from the power of the devil, and to deliver them from the tyranny of sin, he was glad to seal it with his blood. At which, the elector withdrawing, the wood was kindled, and the martyr was soon suffocated, after having called on God's mercy to the last.

It is recorded, that the executioners cut and hacked what remained of his body into a thousand pieces, that it might be the sooner consumed; and when they found his heart, they

fastened it upon a sharp stick, and roasted it at the fire apart. Contrary to order, they were about to secure his clothes, but the elector made them cast them also into the fire, promising to indemnify them for the loss. After which his ashes were carefully gathered up and thrown into the Rhine, lest his disciples should carry them into Bohemia for relics. But if we may believe the same historian, this precaution was of no use, for his followers scraped the very earth of the place where he was burned, and carried it as a very precious cargo to Prague, where he was held in almost as great veneration as St. Peter or St. Paul.

The same writer says, "he went to the stake as to a banquet; not a word fell from him which discovered the least faint-heartedness. In the midst of the flames he sung hymns to the last gasp, without ceasing. Never did any philosopher suffer death with so much constancy as he endured the flames."

The stranger in Constance is now forcibly reminded of these days of tyranny and persecution, by many objects well calculated to make a lasting impression upon the mind; amongst which are the Hall of the Council, the Cathedral, and the Augustine Convent. The hall, the windows of which command a beautiful view of the lake, still contains the chairs occupied by the Emperor and the Pope during the long sitting of the council, the canopy of tapestry, the bible of John Huss, and numerous other relics of that eventful time, and of the distinguished individuals connected with it. It is said, that the signature of Huss is only of recent discovery, and was made on accidentally splitting open the boards of the sacred volume, between which it had been ingeniously concealed, but not obliterated. The pulpit of the cathedral is supported by a statue of the heresiarch, as Huss was designated by his persecutors, and the spot

where he received sentence is marked by a brass plate, inserted into a flat stone of extraordinary dimensions. The Franciscan convent, in a turret of which Huss was first immured, is now a ruin ; and the Dominican convent to which he was afterwards conveyed, where a cell above ground appeared too great an indulgence for a denounced heretic, is also a desecrated ruin, being used only as a manufactory.

Amid the same scenes where art has done much to commemorate the martyr's death, and time has done more to obliterate all trace of his existence,—amid the same scenes, stands the majestic tree, under whose shade the traveller reposes, and perhaps in fancy traces out the fate of men and nations, the fall of empires and the establishment of thrones, the overthrow of false systems, and the gradual working out of the principles of truth, with all the great events, national and political, which have transpired since that scene was lighted by the blazing faggots, in the midst of which the martyr sung his death-song of triumph, and praise, and glory to his Redeemer and his God.

“ The Saviour stood by him in pain,
Nor left him in sorrow forlorn ;
And mitred blasphemers and monarchs in vain
Heaped on him their hatred and scorn.
He was meek as the innocent child,
He was firm as the storm-stricken rock,
And so humbly he prayed, and so gently he smiled,
And so sweet were the words that he spoke,
That the murderous keepers who guarded their prey,
Could weep for the man they were marshall'd to slay.”

Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.

“WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?”

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

WHAT'S my thought like ?

Like a flower,
Opening in the sunshine hour ;
Like a vase, spring flowers to hold ;
Like a lamb within the fold ;
Like a lamp while oil is lent ;
Like a sweet accompaniment ;
Like a spring of dancing water ;
And I thought of thee, sweet daughter.

Light of heaven, and dew of grace,
Beautify thy heavenward face !
Thy young mind God's Spirit mould,
Never-withering flowers to hold !
Lamb of Christ ! let love and fear
Keep thee to thy Shepherd near !
Ne'er forget thy lamp to trim ;
And the oil must come from Him.

Let thy well-tuned temper chime,
With thy duties' tone and time ;
Like a spring thy mind and mood,
Constant, pure, and doing good ;
In thy heart Heaven's living water—
Meet to be thy mother's daughter.



VILLAGE OF DORNELLEUSE.- HIGH ALPS.





DORMEILLEUSE.

BY T. W. AVELING.

MOUNTAIN on mountain piled, whose hoary brows
 Gleam in the sunbeams with eternal snows ;
 Where Winter, throned in clouds, his empire holds,
 And wraps his shivering form in icy folds ;
 Where frozen glaciers lift their crested head,
 And nodding cliffs impend the torrent's bed ;
 And glens, to whose lone dwellers far beneath
 The thundering avalanches herald death.

On craggy rocks, midway 'tween earth and sky,
 A fortress erst its towers uplifted high ;
 Within whose sheltering walls, a welcomed guest,
 The Vaudois peasant found a peaceful rest,
 When the red death-fires gleamed along the vale,
 And wild winds wafted far the martyr's wail,
 When silken banners floated on the air,
 And trumpets woke their martial music there ;
 When snows were crimsoned o'er with righteous blood,
 And the low prayer ascended up to God.
 And oft, when moonbeams on the mountains slept,
 And the lone stars their nightly vigils kept,
 A solemn strain was heard, and softly rose
 The voice of holy song, whose murmuring close
 The echoing mountains gently raised again,
 Like answering music from a seraph train.

A noble race these Alpine hills once trod,
True to their country—faithful to their God,
Their hearts with holy courage beating high,
That dared the oppressor's rage, nor feared to die ;
Not firmer clings to rocks the unbending pine,—
Than they to truths their spirits felt divine :
Not the loud thunders of imperious Rome,
The torturing rack, the martyr's shuddering doom,
Broke their deep-formed resolve—the high-born soul
Mocked at their weakness who would dare control
The deathless spirit in its upward flight,
Rushing to reach the hills of living light.
But sad their sons, in errors' mazes led,
Reckless of truths for which their sires had bled.
Till one—his soul with true ambition fired,
Rushed to redeem.—With holy zeal inspired,
He left the smiling plains where nature throws
Her fairest robes, and every rose that blows
Whispers of balmy airs, and sunny skies,
And streams whose mellow song in softness dies :
He left the home where childhood's golden hours
Had passed away amid the breath of flowers ;
And to these mountains came, with spirit mild,
To rescue hapless men by sin beguiled.
Thrice honoured Neff !* the child of deathless fame,
Sacred to every Alpine heart thy name.

* Dormeilleuse was one of the principal stations where the indefatigable Felix Neff, the apostle of the Alps, laboured with such untiring diligence and success. The results of his exertions were most surprising—the wilderness and the solitary place were glad for him, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. But in the midst of his arduous duties and engagements, he fell a victim to his almost unex-

Oft shall the grateful lip thy history tell,
Thy zeal, thy love, thy deeds remembered well ;
And when the Sabbath-chimes to rocks around
Waft their rich music, and the pensive sound
Calls the lone peasant to the house of prayer,
The vow to pay—the soul to prostrate there ;
Sires to their sons shall tell of thee, who trod
These hills, those vales, the messenger of God ;
Who, with a swelling soul, from day to day
Pointed to heaven, and, smiling, led the way.
'Twas thine own zeal consumed thee, and the fire
That warmed thy heart lit up thy funeral pyre.
Thy race is run, and now a victor crowned
Thou the reward in thy bright home hast found.
But many sons thy much-loved path shall tread,
A holy band, baptized for the dead ;
Whose voices oft amid these vales shall rise,
And bid their lonely dwellers seek the skies ;
Walk in the living way—the upward road,
To where the ransomed bow before their God.

amplified zeal, and, after protracted sufferings, expired in peace, leaving many young men, whom he had trained and qualified for the duties of the Christian ministry, to enter upon his labours, and promote the cause of Him to whom he had cheerfully devoted his life.

S T A N Z A S.

BY T. RAGG,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEITY," AND OTHER POEMS.

HIGH on a rocky precipice,
 A heedless child was playing ;
 And in pursuit of every toy,
 That promised him a moment's joy,
 Still near its margin straying.

Some hundred fathoms deep below,
 A fearful gulf was yawning ;
 And night came on in sables drest,
 Yet reckless still the earth he prest,
 And slept till break of morning.

The rock a pillow for his head ;
 The tempest roaring round him,
 Awhile he lay, for all their rage,
 The wind and thunder seemed to engage,
 Combining to astound him.

Yet heedless of their mingled roar,
Of safety fondly dreaming ;
He saw not the electric's train,
Nor felt the heavy beating rain,
From heaven in torrents streaming.

At length with louder, deeper sound,
A sudden peal burst o'er him ;
He woke—all heaven seemed wrapt in light,
So wide the lightning's fitful flight,
That spread its wings before him.

Roused from his torpor, he arose,
And flew he knew not whither ;
Heaven's black artillery gathered near,
The margin of the steep seemed clear,
And impulse urged him thither.

At length the utmost edge he gained,
And trembled at beholding ;
Behind the tempest's gathering power,
The dreadful dark abyss before,
Sad choice of fate unfolding.

His head turned giddy at the sight,
A chilling sweat came o'er him ;
When from behind, his father's arm
Snatched the poor trembler safe from harm,
And thence securely bore him.

'Tis thus we gaily dance along ;
And sinful pleasures follow ;
And sleep secure on danger's brow,
Regardless of the gulf below,
That opens wide to swallow.

Thus when Mount Sinai's thunders roar,
And heaven's just laws confound us,
From that condemning scene we fly
Still to destruction rushing nigh,
Till woes on all sides bound us.

And when our every hope is lost,
Nor one bright charm can ease us ;
Our Father's voice soft whispers peace,
Bids all our sad forebodings cease,
And leads us safe to Jesus.

DE ADVENTU HYEMIS.

M. A. FLAMINIUS.

JAM brumâ veniente præterivit
 Æstas mollior, et cadunt ab altis
 Frondes arboribus : tepor Favoni,
 Immanes Boreæ furentis iras
 Formidans, abit. Illum, agri voluptas,
 Canoræ volucres sequuntur. Ergo
 Et nos dulcia rura deseramus,
 Dum Ver purpureâ comâ decorum
 Reducat Zephyri tepentis auram.

Horti, deliciæ meæ, valetè !
 Fontes luciduli, valetè ! Salve,
 Mihi villula carior superbis
 Regum liminibus ! Recedo ; sensum
 Sed meum hic animumque derelinquo.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

SUMMER'S last lingering rose is flown,
 The leaf has wither'd on the tree ;
 I hear the coming winter moan
 Through the sad forest sullenly.

The North wind's rage soft Zephyr flies;
And all the songsters of the grove,
Borne on his wing, 'mid brighter skies
Trill their sweet lays of joy and love.

Then quit we, too, the rural plain;
Till Spring, with coronal so gay,
Woo young Favonius back again,
And chide his coy, his cold delay.

Farewell, ye flowers! ye streams! and thou,
Sweet home, than princely hall more dear!
Seat of my soul's delight, adieu!
I go—but leave my spirit here.

THE SACRIFICE REJECTED BY BARNABAS
AND SAUL.

ACTS xiv. 13—15.

HEARD ye the clang of the far-pealing voices ?
Saw ye the garlands, that float on the gale ?
Loud is the clamour, a people rejoices !
Sweet are the odours that bid the gods hail !

See in white garments the priest is advancing ;
See the mute victims the altar draw near ;
Gay is the timbrel, and light is the dancing ;
What may these travel-soiled strangers do here ?

Why, as if grief-struck, their vests are they rending ?
Why are their gestures so eager, yet stern ?
Why are these splendours their spirits offending ?
What from such honours compels them to turn ?

Not yet accomplished their warfare as sinners,
Not yet attained is their martyrdom's crown ;
Not in the race are they yet pronounced winners,
Wonder not then at their prayer, and theirrown.

Strong were their passions, and weak were their powers;
 Fame could assail them, and flattery allure :
 Earth o'er their pathway flung garlanded flowers,
 What was the armour that made them secure ?

What from these vanities won their affection ?
 What, but heart-love for the one living God ?
 Who, that with rapt eye hath gazed on perfection,
 Weeps the frail flower that his footstep hath trod ?

A. X. P.

“WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

WHEN, courting slumber,
 The hours and number,
 And sad cares cumber
 My wearied mind ;
 This thought shall cheer me,
 That Thou art near me,
 Whose ear to hear me
 Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,
 Who never sleepest.
 'Mid gloom the deepest,
 There's light above.
 Thine eyes behold me ;
 Thine arms enfold me ;
 Thy word has told me
 That God is love.

C.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE OLD MAN





THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B.

It was on one of the dreariest days of last winter that I received an urgent summons to the sick chamber of a dear friend. My feelings were unusually depressed, for the wind was howling with a piteousness that extorted from the bosom the sympathy of a deep sigh. A thick mist, composed of fog and sleet, shrouded the offing of the ocean, while in the front ground of our mastless waters there could only be seen flocks of white sea-mew, whirling and screaming amid the equally white breakers. From such ominous associations, it was a startling duty to move toward the chamber of death. It was mid-day; but, for the purpose of cherishing abstraction from all earthly objects without, my friend's shutters were closed, and nothing but the pale light of the fire relieved my sudden stepping into darkness.

He was in the prime of life—at the height of prosperity in his profession—with a wife and eight children. When we had last met—but a few weeks since—his spirits so exuberant, his wit, his play of fancy, his tender friendship—all deep-dyed with religious feeling—had been so contagious with the large circle in which we were together mingling, that one general expression of regret burst forth at his departure. I *now* saw him lying transversely on his bed, for the purpose of grasping the frame-

work during his paroxysms of pain. His fine full countenance was indrawn and haggard, while the eye, which had ever been dancing in brilliancy, was fixed and dissolved in affection upon our greeting.

He laid his hand upon his heart, and before I could summon power of utterance, he whispered, "All is peace—true peace." Even the physical impression which this produced upon me was thrilling: I had just left a scene where the elements were in gloom and discontent—here was a sweet serene atmosphere.

My friend, apart from his religious consolations, had much that threatened to unman him. A few years of prolonged life and energy would have enabled him, from the results of his profession, to leave his wife and daughters, if not in affluence, in comfort,—while his sons would have grown up, aided in their education by his learning, and furthered in their worldly prospects by his living influence. It was a bitter dreg in his cup to leave his widow and his orphans to the mercies of a rude, selfish world. As he lay sleepless at night, there would come the harrowing vision before him of that wife oppressed—imposed on by coward plotters against defenceless woman, and of those children flying to her bosom to weep—whilst his arm, one manly stroke of which could have delivered them, would be bloodless in the tomb. This was human nature. This was the weak point against which Satan could plant his assault. As if made by Divine mercy, to all others, invulnerable, this seemed a fair mark for the envenomed arrow.

It was during one of these bitter struggles that I next visited my friend. He was in fierce pain, both of body and mind. He could not speak. He convulsively grasped my hand, and motioned me to pray. His wife knelt with me. Our supplications were broken—disjointed by grief. Partly as an unpremeditated allusion, partly as a promise which we pleaded, the

Divine words were quoted, "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." The prayer was finished: he threw his arms around her, and, amid the tears which a heart relieved of its heaviness poured out, he smiled, and said, "My God! my widow will trust in thee: my fatherless children thou wilt preserve."

* * * *

Friday.—I was present to-day at dear E——'s parting with his family. On entering his room, I found him half raised from his bed, supported by his wife: he was grasping one of her hands with both his own, looking in her face with calm resigned anguish. Poor H—— had thrown herself at his feet in convulsive sobs. His eldest child was leading her infant brother to receive the last blessing.

"My boy! my boy!" sighed the dying parent, as the little one clung around his neck, weeping with an indefinite dread of something terrible: "The angel which redeemed me from evil, bless the lad."

It was a heart-touching scene. He fell back exhausted. It was evident that his mind with extraordinary velocity had run through, in painful anticipation, the troubles, snares, temptations, that awaited his fatherless son. His child was too young to receive his counsel, even had his strength allowed him: he was compelled to content himself with prayer.

* * * *

Saturday.—Strange to say, dear E—— is still alive. I was with him alone to-day. Since his yesterday's interview with his children, his mind has rallied: the bare prospect of the farewell had oppressed him. Blessed be God! his soul is more than kept in perfect peace; it is rejoicing. He greeted me with his old smile. I expressed a hope that this return of buoyancy might be the harbinger of health. "Nay, hope not so," he

said; "I *have* fought the good fight, I have finished my course. You surely would not throw me back again among the foe. But your hopes are vain; I *feel* I am dying. My present elasticity is like the momentary flicker of the lamp as it expires."

We conversed about his children; but he has *given* them to the Lord. "I feel," said he, "they are no longer mine."

After a short pause, he said, "Read me the 23d Psalm." When I had finished the verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me:" "Ah!" said he, "how true is one of the favourite lines you have so often quoted to me, 'Coming events cast their *shadows* before,' I may not yet be *in* the crisis of death, I feel I am in its *shadow* first. Blessed rod and staff, I fear no evil."

* * * *

Monday.—Dear E—— is dead! Last night, his wife and nurse were watching him in, as they thought, his sleep. Alas! it was a torpor which, like the calm before the hurricane, usually preceded his fits of shivering. Of a sudden he leaped from his bed in anguish. As he sat on his couch, his poor wife hanging over him, his look fixed upon her in unutterable love, he moaned, "Come, Lord Jesus, come!" bounded forward, kissed her, and dropped lifeless in her arms.

* * * *

I never saw such ecstatic triumph as in my friend's emphasis, "I *have* fought a good fight; I *have* finished my course; I *have* kept the faith." Let me think upon the origin and interest of this exclamation. It was St. Paul's, in his epistle to his son in the faith.

Where and *how* is the apostle, that he should use such language? What should make him so certain that he has reached

the limit of his toils and struggle, and is standing at the grave? He is neither gasping for breath from disease, nor is his eye dimmed, or his limbs worn out, with advanced age. He is not on the couch of death, bidding an exulting adieu to his surrounding followers; nay, he is writing to a friend, and pressing him to a visit: his situation does not prevent him from calculating upon days, and yet, just as if the spirit was trembling like an expiring flame—just as if he had bowed his head upon the block, and the falchion was upraised, “*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.*” Where and how was he, that this declaration should be truth?

A dungeon was his home, and every day brought him news of his slaughtered brethren, and the Holy Ghost who had witnessed to him, before, “that bonds and afflictions awaited him in every city,” favoured him with a sure presentiment, and he knew that very shortly his “tabernacle was to be laid aside.” He is therefore a suitable model of a victorious and dying saint.

In order to obtain the full force of his language, we must attempt a conception of the apostle's imaginings. He is surrounded with the quietude and solitariness of his cell. He has no more plans of usefulness and labour for this world; he feels that *now* is the beginning of his rest. And as he is so communing with his own thoughts, there comes before his imagination a vivid picture. It is an immense assemblage of brave Greeks; they are in a spacious circle: in the area there are two combatants, wrestling as for life, straining—now entwined in each other's limbs—now both hurled on the ground. *One* at last conquers—the deafening shouts of the spectators greet him, and, wearied, covered with dust and heat, he retires to some spot for repose. “Yes,” involuntarily exclaims the apostle, “and *I* (too) have fought a good fight.”

Again the picture of his fancy varies : a number of young heroes start forward, and, at a given signal, rush along. Every active muscle is in play, as they strive to surpass each other : they turn not a step from the direct path ; they move not their eyes from the distant mark. Now one gains upon the other, and anon he is repassed ; hopes are raised in the spectators, then fall ; the victor makes *one* plunge, and the goal is gained, and, panting, breathless, yet smiling with success, he retires to repose and quiet. Yes, exclaims the apostle, and I (too) have finished my course."

In this way, without any unnatural violence being done to probability, we may, we must think the apostle was employed. Such allusions to the games of the Greeks are most frequent in his writings, and always expressive. He is the successful wrestler, looking back with the most animating satisfaction upon his late struggle ; *now* how nearly he had lost his footing or his grasp, *then* how almost faint, he again revived. With what vividness does he recall his falls ! his throws of his antagonist ! "Yes, but I *HAVE* fought it out." He is the successful racer, running the ground over again, tracing the false path which had nearly tripped him, and recalling the manœuvre of his competitors to get beyond. Yes, but I have no more to run : "I *have* finished my course."

This is the apostle's review. His life had been a combat ; for he had no spiritual muscle which had not been in the utmost tension. His life had been a race ; for it was a *constant* pressing, an unintermitting aim and forecast.

Whether we take into account the opposition which he met with from open foes or treacherous friends, and the persecutions and menaces to which he had to prove himself superior ; or whether we think of his combats with temptation, with indwelling sin, with unbelief, (for these were even St. Paul's antago-

nists), or whether we see him *now* increasing in holiness of feeling and spiritual extent of understanding—yet still wanting more, and still running on—such being his past life—no figure could be more illustrative. And how very often has he employed them in other portions. “I therefore so run, not as uncertainly: so fight I, not as one that beateth the air.” “Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,” &c.

“*I have kept the faith.*” I have been set to guard, as a sentinel, the doctrines of the Saviour, and my post has not been deserted. To no refinements, no Christ-dishonouring explanations, have I given place for a moment. I swore allegiance: my fidelity has been preserved. I once grasped the hope of Christ; and none have wrested it from my hand. These, all these interpretations, will consist with the verse.

And though he may not on the bed of death be able to recall scenes of persecution; though in his Christian discharge of fealty to the Redeemer, he may not have struggled with imprisoning, scourging, plotting, forswearing enemies; though, in his pursuit after heaven, no cruel fastings, no outward perils, had been thrown in his path; though peace in circumstance, and wealth, and means of luxury, may have followed him from his first prayer till his last breathing; yet such is the spiritual world in which every Christian lives, and such the spiritual road which every Christian traverses, that each successful one *can* say, “I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course.”

Is it no fight to withstand, nay, to trample on, the pleasures, the honours, the follies, of the world? No fight, to oppose the promptings of the flesh? No fight, to bear up against the rude

attacks of Satan, in the form of unbelief, or his more concealed stratagem in the form of wiles and deceptive promises?—Is it no running match? We run for more knowledge of truth; our competitor is the blindness and prejudice of sin. We run for more love to Christ, and our competitor is the love of ease; for more humility, our competitor is pride; for more zeal, our competitor is selfishness; for heaven, our competitor is earth. And have we no course to finish? No faith to keep? when a sense of guilt laughs at and upbraids us? when patience is tried by delay? when hope by partial disappointment?

What a scene! the Christian saint on his dying bed! He *feels* that he is dying, there is no anxiety for the *present* time; and now his memory exerts herself. He lives over again the hours of tears for pardon; sees again the dark circle which then encompassed him—his joy at the first breaking in of light—his staggering self-debates—his self-suspicion and its gloom,—when here and there, above, below, and within, he found enemies diverting his attention, pinning him into activity, thrusting him aside: these, all these pass along. They have, by the interest they excited, stolen upon him as if they were realities; but he again awakes, he finds it is a dream, he thanks God, he exclaims, “I have fought all”—he dies.

And let us not forget the implied decision in the term he uses, “a good fight.” He regrets not one struggle, for the result is glorious; he has no condemning, no accusing conscience for it; it was “a wrestling with spiritual wickedness,” it was “a following after holiness.”

This is not St. Paul's boast, as if *he* could claim the credit of his prowess in the field, or of his fleetness and perseverance in the course, or of his tenacious fidelity to his Master. To harmonize with his other avowals, he must attribute all this strength, and speed, and constancy, to the Divine bestowal.

“ By the grace of God I am what I am ;” “ I can do all things through Christ strengthening me ;” “ We have the treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of *the power* may be of God, and not of us, will all show that with the Christian apostle's and the Christian believer's shout of conquest, there must be also the devout thanksgiving—“ Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

* * * *

Such are the reflections suggested by my friend's death and triumph. But I would not forget that his previous life was eminently holy. He was “ ever looking for and hasting unto the coming” of his Lord. Would I have such as his to be my last scene,—to have the same quiet of heart, the same submissiveness, the same exultation,—let me be “ a follower of him as he was of Christ.”

THE MILLENNIUM.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SWAN,
MISSIONARY IN SIBERIA.

PHILOSOPHY, so vain elsewhere,
Has now become "divine,"
And *Science* wears Religion's smile,
That erst assailed her shrine.

The battle-ship is freighted now
With rich ripe fruits of *peace*,
"Concord" the emblem on her prow,
For wars are made to cease.

The fort and castellated tower
Are crumbled down to dust;
Or changed by *art's* ingenious power,
To dwellings of the just.

Slavery now has ceased to wave
Her whip bedewed with blood,
Nor finds the African a grave
Beyond the western flood.

The living raise their anthems high,
And know their sins forgiven;
And death becomes to them that die
The opened gate of heaven.



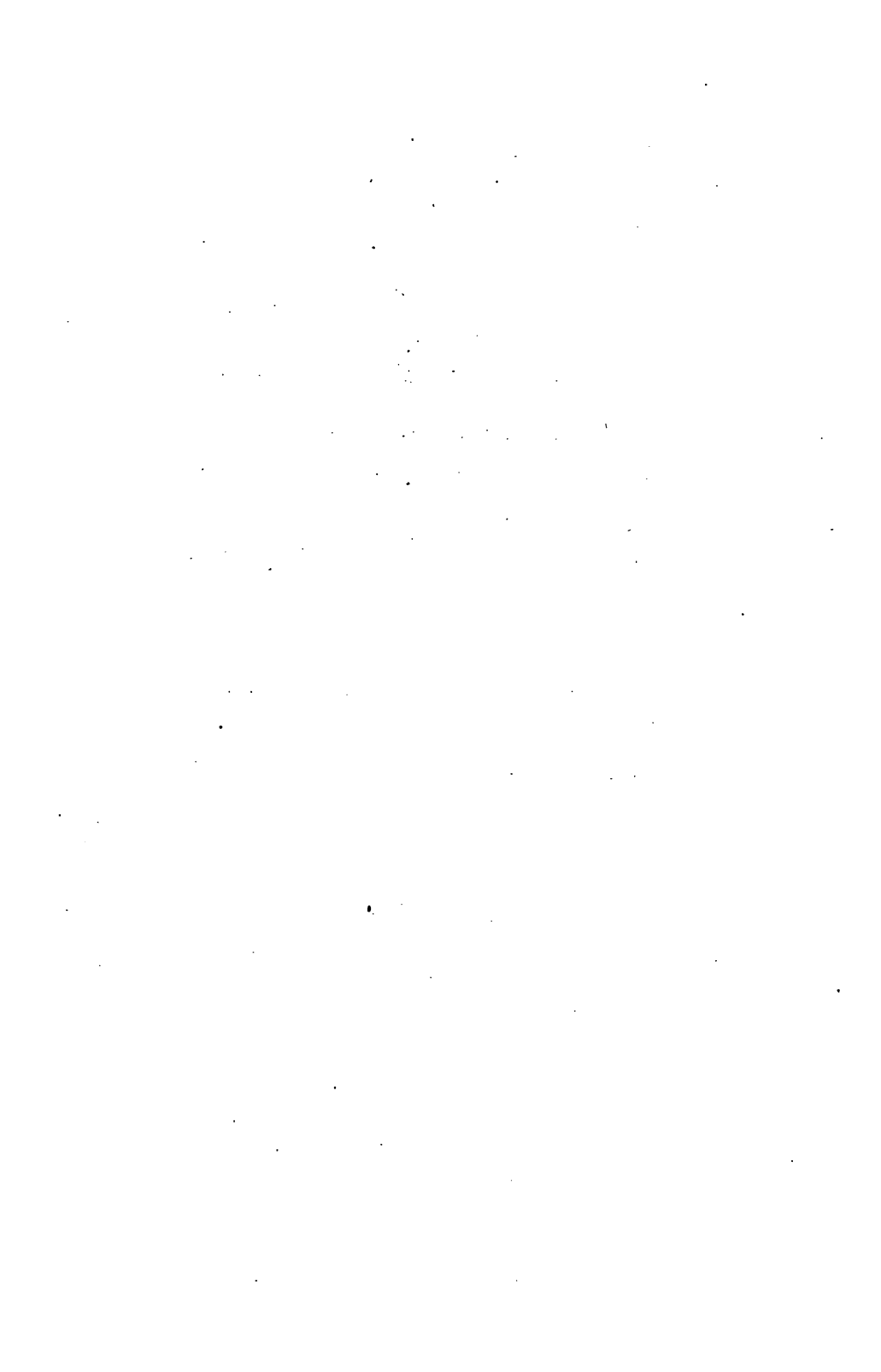


Designed by J. T. Rogers.

Engraved by J. C. Cox.

THE WOMAN

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE





THE MOURNER'S COMFORT.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED."

Matt. iv. 5.

SWEET, falls the shower on Sharon's leaves,
 Sweet, sighs the gale o'er India's billow,
 Sweet, float the forms which fancy weaves
 Around her poet's dreaming pillow,
 Sweet, is the virgin-treasured kiss,
 When lips with lips unchanging meet,
 Sweet, the first throb of bridal bliss,
 The untold hope of passion sweet ;

Sweet, to the exile's widow'd ear
 The notes of home remember'd long ;
 And sweet to speak, and sweet to hear,
 The music of his native tongue—
 Sweet, from the gheber's perfumed urn,
 Their sunward way his offerings find,
 Sweeter the prodigal's return,
 Sweetest the Christian's will resigned.

Bright is the wild wave's sparkling foam,
 Bright blooms the fruit in Seville's grove,
 Bright glows the cheerful hearth of home,
 Brighter the eye of answered love ;
 Bright the Peruvian's golden chain,
 Bright in Brazilian mines the gem,
 Brighter Herodias' gorgeous train,
 Brightest the Baptist's diadem.

Lovely the form of absent friend,
Lovely the maiden's spell-fraught name,
Lovely the pledge the distant send,
Lovely the good man's humble fame,
Lovely the unconquer'd patriot's bier,
Lovely the ground by martyr trod,
Lovelier the Christ's millennial year,
Loveliest the eternal sight of God.

Mighty Britannia's guarded coast,
Mighty the Gaul's imperial lord,
Mighty the proud Assyrian's host,
Mightier the slaying angel's sword ;
Mighty the monarch prophet's song,
Mighty the unrespecting grave,
Mightier the soul that knows no wrong,
Almightiest He that died to save.

Dear are the mother's accents mild,
Dear the responsive infant's smile,
Dear is the father's only child,
And dear the promise void of guile ;
Dear is the tress of braided hair,
Dearer the farewell fondly spoken,
Dearest the sacrifice of prayer,
From hearts subdued and spirits broken ?

Weep then—thy Saviour bids thee weep !
As all have wept—of woman born,
While seraph's in their glory keep,
A blessed watch o'er them that mourn.

THOUGHTS ON SPRING.

THIS beautiful vernal season, what a gloomy unpromising season it arises out of! It is almost like creation from chaos, life from a state of death. If we might be allowed in a supposition so wide from probability as that a person should not know what a season is to follow, while contemplating and feeling the rigours of winter, how difficult would it be for him to comprehend, we believe, the darkness—dreariness—bleakness—cold—the bare, desolate, and dread aspect of nature; and if he could then, in some kind of *vision*, behold such a scene as that now spread over the earth. It cannot be—that were absolutely a new creation or another world: and might we not take instruction from this to correct the judgment we are prone to form of the divine government? We are placed within one limited scene and period of the great succession of the divine dispensations—a dark and gloomy one—a presence of evil. We do not see how it *can be* that so much that is offensive and grievous should be introductory to something that is delightful and glorious. Look how fixed—now inveterate—how absolute—how unchanging—is not this a character of perpetuity?

If a better, nobler scene to follow, is intimated by the Spirit of prophecy, in figures analogous to the beauties of spring, we regard it with a kind of despondency, as if prophecy were but a kind of sacred poetry—beheld rather as something to aggravate *the gloom of the present* than to draw the mind forward in delightful hope. And so we allow our judgments of the divine government, of the mighty field of it, and of its progressive periods, to be founded very much upon an exclusive view of the limited dark portion of his dispensations which is immediately present to us. But such judgment should be corrected by the spring blooming around us so soon after the gloomy desolation of winter.

The man whom we were supposing so ignorant and incredulous, what would he now think of what he thought then? And again, how welcome are the early signs and precursory appearances of spring—the earlier dawn of day—a certain cheerful cast in the light, even though still shining through an expanse of desolation—it has the appearance of a *smile*—softer breathing of the air at intervals—the bursting of the buds—the vivacity of the animal tribes—the *first flowers* of the season, and by degrees a delicate, dubious tint of green. It needs not that a man should be a poet or a sentimental worshipper of nature to be delighted with all this—and may we not suggest one analogy to all this. The operation of the divine Spirit in renovating the human soul—effecting its conversion from the natural state—it is sometimes displayed in this gentle, gradual manner, especially in youth.

In many cases certainly it seems violent and sudden, resembling the sudden transition from winter to spring in the northern climates, but in the more gradual instances, whether in youth or farther on in life, it is most gratifying to perceive the first indications,—serious thoughts and emotions—a growing sensibility of conscience—distate for vanity and folly—deep solicitude for the welfare of the soul—a disposition to exercises of piety—a progressively clearer, more grateful and more believing apprehension of the necessity and sufficiency of the work and sacrifice of Christ for human redemption. To a pious friend, a parent, this is more delightful than if he could have a vision of Eden as it bloomed on the first day that Adam beheld it. And we may carry the analogy into a wider application. It is most gratifying to perceive the signs of change in the great field of society. How like the early flowers—the more benignant light, the incessant verdure, are—the new desires of knowledge, and schemes and efforts to impart it—the rising, zealous, and rapidly enlarging activity to promote true religion.

A MISSIONARY'S MEDITATION AT "THE
PLACE OF PRAYER."

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE PARTING GIFT."

THOU consecrated spot,
To me how dear !
Be sunshine or be clouds my lot,
Wandering by the world forgot,
I meet my Saviour here !
Where distant hills faint shadows seem to give
Of worlds above,
And where the bounteous hand of love
Has decked the ground;
And spread enchantment round,
I chose the scene, thy suppliant, Lord ! to be,
And, casting care away, to stay my soul on thee !

When rising clouds obscure my view
Of that delightful land
In which the sainted band
Their crowns of honour at thy feet for ever strew,
And evermore the glorious song renew,
I hasten here, to seek the smile benign
Which all my woe transmutes to joy divine,
And seals me thine !

Or if I mourn the early lost,
My heart's once cherished boast,
And scarce for tears can mark,
Amid this world so dark,
The shining course by which they rose on high;
(And memory's vivid hues express
The smile of love,
That still the power of earthly ties would prove,
Although the eye was fixed on things above—
That eye which beamed with tenderness—
That hand which seemed outstretched to save,
Even while its faithful touch the wounds of friendship gave
Hither I come for sympathy,
To him who can affliction's utmost need supply.

Ah surely oft, the spirits of the blest
On my lone pathway rest,
And all the love they can bestow
On those who linger yet below
Flows in celestial streams,
Inspiring high and heavenly themes!
Once more we meet,
And in the Saviour hold communion sweet,
While the adoring ecstasies I share,
Though their's ascend in praise, and mine in prayer.

When thought in fond anxiety would stray
To the home boundary far away,
And fears of exiled loneliness
My heart oppress,
As images beloved across my fancy glide,
And forms unreal summon at their side,

Even then my soul, with brighter visions blest,
Finds in this hallowed spot a pilgrim's rest.

Ye fond and faithful few
To me united in the Saviour's name,
Who still through life's varieties are true,
And cherished still the same ;
And ye, with whom communings dear
I hold in this far distant sphere,
And seek the city out of sight,
Our eager faith's delight—
Meet me in spirit here !

Be this heaven's gate,
Where our glad souls in blest assurance wait,
And angel-hosts delighted fly
To waft our words on high,
And with the earthly dross their holy incense blend,
That they may bear an offering meet
Unto the mercy-seat.

Here be each vow renewed
That rose in solitude,
And banished every care that might intrude,
For we are conquerors here !
Here, as on Pisgah's Mount we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Where the many mansions bright
Our souls invite—
Though prisoners still, celestial bliss we share,
And wait the welcome word, to reign in glory there !

R I Z P A H.

2 SAM. XXI. 10.

It is not that I think the spirit's light
 Back to those vacant eyes can e'er return,
 Or that the lips all silent now as night
 Again can breathe the love for which I yearn;
 That thus I watch beside my noble dead,
 While cold night-winds and dews are round me shed.

I know that when the death-film finds a rest,
 The darkness of the grave for ever lies;
 The faithful heart by such cold chains oppressed
 With throb responsive never more replies;
 Life in those forms mine eyes wait not to see,
 Yet still I watch, though vain such watch may be.

My soul is rent with agony! but, oh!
 Deeper the pang, to gaze on these no more;
 The hour of my farewell must come, I know—
 Why should I haste its anguish to explore?
 Oh! let me tarry by this faded clay
 Till time hath borne each lingering trace away!

So the dew fell around her, and the blast
 Poured forth its ruthless fury on the spot;
 And birds of prey their ravenous glances cast
 On those pale forms, but she forsook them not;
 And her wild tears fell on the rock like rain,
 But could not wake those flowers to life again.

Oh ! blame her not, nor yet the true and deep,
Though ineffectual love and care, she gave ;
Oh ! blame her not, who thus could watch and weep
So hopelessly—her prayers, which could not save,
On her own head with showers of blessings fell,
And she was strengthened for her last farewell !

Mortal ! bethink thee, didst thou never cling
Unto some cherished good with love like this ?
Back to the world the parted soul to bring,
Would'st thou not yield thine all of earthly bliss ?
What is the anguish that thou wouldst not brave
Some treasure from its threatened wreck to save !

Are there not thousands spiritually dead
That on the rocks of sin neglected lie,
Have ye no prayers to give, no tears to shed
For them, no drops of Christian sympathy ?
Ye who to earth your best and dearest give,
Can ye not watch one hour, that these may live ?

She had no sweetener in her bitter cup,
Too well she knew both prayers and tears were vain ;
Ye to the God of covenants can look up,
Whose word returns not void to him again ;
He in your labours will be ever nigh
Whose words are, " Turn ye ! wherefore will ye die !"

CHRIST WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

At close of that triumphant day,
While yet the palm-branch strewed the way,
Before the glorious sun had set
Upon the brow of Olivet,
Or loud hosannas scarce had died
Along the echoing mountain's side,
Which infant tongues were tuned to raise,
To swell the note of Jesus' praise.
Descending from that hallowed hill,
The Man of sorrows lingered still :
He saw where Salem's mountains rise
Like giant bulwarks to the skies ;
He saw her towers and temple fair
In bright and beauteous order there,
Whence wondering kings had fled away,
So strong and perfect their array :
But only he could see how God
Had on them written " Ichabod !"
He saw that Temple wreathed in flame,
He knew the sorrow, sin, and shame,
That, darkening round the fane of God,
Should drench its towers and streets with blood.
He saw her glory laid in dust,
And Sion's daughters doubly curst,

Where God and man unite to dart
The vengeful arrow to her heart.
And still he stood, for she was dear,
And o'er her woes he dropt a tear,
Most precious tear, that fell below
To sparkle o'er a world of wo,
And shineth still, a glorious gem,
To beautify Jerusalem !
That tear of pity was not shed
O'er friends who loved his sacred head,
But enemies, whose hate and scorn
Should crown it soon with piercing thorn.
Before him rose that dreadful hour,
Whose awful horrors had the power
To wring the cry of agony,
“ Why hast thou, God, forsaken me ?”
He heard the wild infuriate cry
Of “ Crucify him ! crucify !”
And then before his vision came
The buffeting, the spitting, shame,
The barbed shafts of bitter scorn,
The mockery of that coming morn,
When, clothed in robes of kingly pride,
The worms of earth should God deride :
Nor hidden then the accursed tree,
The wounds and groans of Calvary !
No—all was open to that eye,
As sunshine in the summer sky,
Yet could not check the tear that rose
And fell o'er Salem's guilt and woes.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

JOHN XIX. 31—42.

THE Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the sabbath day, (for that sabbath day was an high day,) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced.

And after this, Joseph of Arimathea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.





Painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens.

Engraved by G. Presbury.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

1-2

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

FREE, yet in chains, the mountains stand,
The valleys linkt run through the land ;
In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their strength derive.

The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
In choirs and concerts sing the birds,
Insects by millions ply the wing,
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.

All nature is society,
All nature's voices harmony,
All colours blend to form pure light ;
—Why then should Christians not unite ?

Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
“ One may they be as We are One,
That I in them and Thou in Me,
They One with Us may ever be.”

Children of God, ‘ combine your bands,
Brethren in Christ, ’ join hearts and hands,
And pray,—for so the Father willed,—
That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled :—

Fulfilled in you,—fulfilled in all,
That on the name of Jesus call,
And every covenant of love
Ye bind on earth, be bound above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE MERCHANT SHIP.

BRIGHTLY the morning breaketh o'er the sea,
Tinging the azure wave with orient light;
And the wild breeze is springing, glad and free,
As waking from the slumbers of the night;
And the fair ship unfolds her canvass white,
With gentlest art that wayward breeze to woo;
And hope, a wanderer 'mid life's distant blue,
Throws o'er the voyagers her mantle bright.
Visions of wealth entrance the merchant's view;
And honour's meed before the warrior plays,
Thro' flower-wreathed lands the poet's fancy strays;
And the pale student trims his lamp anew.
Sweet hopes and fair; yet desolate the heart,
That in no holier heritage hath part!

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

AGAIN the morning star its radiance hideth,
And rosy sunbeams o'er the mountains play;
On ocean's breast another vessel glideth,
Bearing a lonely voyager away.
What seeketh he across the ocean's spray?
Honour, or wealth, or learning's precious store?
No gain he seeks,—but beareth with him more,
Than all the treasures earth may e'er display.
He hath the pearl of price,—the crown of gold,—
The riches undefiled,—the Spirit's sword,—
The seed unperishing, God's holy word;
And still his hands faith's polished shield uphold—
Such are the gifts he beareth o'er the main,
The gentle blessings of Messiah's reign!

E. M. J.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE THUNDER-STORM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE REV. DR. PHILIP.

TRAVELLING in the northern part of the Griqua country, during the months of October and November, 1832, we entered one of those basaltic enclosures for which that country is remarkable. It resembled a large plain enclosed with a line of hills, having the appearance of a circular wall, with here and there hills of higher elevation, like so many towers, at irregular distances, and of the same formation. This plain, which contained several insulated and conical-shaped hills, might be about twenty-five miles in diameter. We were obliged to proceed slowly, on account of our sheep, and soon after sunset we passed one of those solitary hills about four miles from the extremity of the circle. The person who had the charge of our flock, which was a short distance before us, came running back to the wagons, to tell us he had met a wolf at the spot where the sheep were to have rested, and, after he had given us this information, and pointed him out to us, marching off very deliberately, he fired his gun after him.

The day was warm, the thermometer in the wagon being 96°, but the heat was not oppressive, and I never saw more majestic-looking clouds than we had all the day before us. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I observed a thin dark cloud, very much in shape like a funeral escutcheon, and it stood in front of the magnificent pile of clouds I have described, as that emblem of mortality is seen in front of our splendid palaces. In the course of an hour it assumed a tattered and rugged

appearance, and shortly after spread itself in dark streaks over a large portion of the heavens. In this state it continued stationary for twenty-five minutes, and in less than half an hour all the varied perspective of the scene was lost, and the numerous clouds that rose above each other in towering grandeur were converted into one dark and lurid mass of vapour, on which the sun seemed incapable of shedding one enlivening ray. The lightning was uncommonly splendid during the night, and we enjoyed the thunder that kept the line of the hills the more, as it was at some distance from us.

Saturday was exceedingly hot; the thermometer was as high as 98° in the wagon. In the evening we rested by a Bushman's kraal, and pitched our tent for the Sabbath. Just as I was retiring to rest, a commando was announced as approaching the wagons. The men were hungry, and I was obliged to give them a sheep and some tobacco. The commissariat of our great captains in this country do not cost them much; they are obliged to find their supplies upon the road. In the morning we had them at worship with the Bushmen, and we had the services conducted in the Dutch and Hottentot languages. During the service, there was a thunder-storm from the north-west. It was awfully grand, and passed immediately over our heads. About an hour and a half after this storm, we had another; and at the close of the afternoon service, I observed a third approaching from the same quarter, still more awful in its aspect than those that preceded it. While it yet appeared at a considerable distance, the forked lightning was brilliantly playing on every side. The pole of the tent was fixed to the wagon with hempen cords; I ordered them to be loosed, and the tent fastened with iron pegs. The ball from the top of the tent was lost, and I desired the men to cover the iron spike with a wet cloth. God is the safety of his people, but we tempt Providence if we do not

make use of the necessary means for our preservation. Scarcely had we finished our preparations, when the immense bank of clouds, covering one quarter of the heavens, and making towards us in a direct line, shifted its course, and, taking a line of hills about three quarters of a mile distant, was seen rushing together to one spot, as if designing to collect all its force, and encircle or burst upon us.

The scene was at this moment terrific. The whole mass appeared like an enormous animal in the air, throwing out millions of feelers to take hold of the earth with, and all those feelers moved in perfect harmony, as if instinct with life. The hill immediately above us is of a conical shape, with a flat top, and is not, perhaps, more than 300 feet above the ground on which we then were. Immediately above this hill it hovered for some time, when, whirling round as if it had been wrapping up its vast volume, alternately attracted and repelled, leaving, at its lowest descent, a space between it and the hill of perhaps from twenty to forty feet. This continued for upwards of half an hour, and during all this time the immense mass was every moment increasing, and the whole was in such awful commotion that the most troubled cloud on Table Mountain can give but a very faint idea of it. It suggested to me the thought that it might, perhaps resemble the cloud which indicated the Divine Presence on Sinai, and it seemed as if it might be a fit accompaniment of the angel who is to sound the trumpet which is to announce that time shall be no longer ! When the whole mass had collected immediately behind and on either side of the conical hill on which it had rested, covering a space of many square miles, the lower part of the cloud, which had been all the while in a state of violent agitation, repelled and attracted by the top of the hill I have described, came in sudden contact with its surface, when all at once the lightning and thunder

burst forth, and the whole cloud rolled down upon us in lightning and thunder, and rain and tempest.

I had just time to get into my wagon when the deluge arrived, and to observe so much of the scene as could be discovered from the darkness which surrounded us. The rain first descended in prodigious drops, resembling tremendous hail-stones. In two minutes it drove against our wagon in whole sheets, as if the windows of heaven had been open, and the strong wind was dispersing its torrents over us. In one minute our fire was extinguished; in a little more time, our implements about the fire filled, the water was flowing in torrents on every side of us, and such was the power of the tempest that the water was driving along, as far as we could see, like drifting snow. I regretted afterwards that I did not take out my watch to mark its continuance, but I think it must have lasted with this violence near half an hour. The thunder at this time was as peculiar as it was terrible: it seemed rolling along the ground, and under our feet. The peals were numerous and loud, but without any reverberation.

As soon as I deemed it safe to venture out of my wagon, I threw my cloak about me, to get upon the ground and look around me, but I saw no place on which I could place the soles of my feet. The whole face of the ground was covered with one sheet of water, moving rapidly on in an inclined plane. I could see only the higher parts of the heath and the grass. As soon as the high ground on which I stood was cleared, I made haste to observe the ravines, but there was no approaching them; in every place that could afford a channel for the water, there was an impassable stream. I at last gained high ground, about a quarter of a mile from the wagons; an immense torrent was dashing down into a ravine, in which a number of such streams were meeting, forming a large river. I then understood, for the

first time, the cause of that phenomenon which so frequently occurs in South Africa, when wagons and oxen are suddenly carried away, crossing the beds of our rivers. It must have been cloud of this kind which destroyed Hankey. While I was musing on this awful scene, and hoping I should have a quiet evening, the forked lightning began again to descend around me. I looked to the north-west, and saw another cloud, or mass of clouds, approaching. The sun was now setting, and I prepared myself to observe the lightning. It continued for an hour, the most splendid I had ever seen; sometimes it passed in one sheet of flame, at other times like large balls of fire; now it was seen like chains of burnished gold, as if they had been let down from heaven to the earth; at other times, like strings of diamonds; and at other times it appeared like chains in the form of the rainbow, regularly set with balls of fire at equal distances, about eight or nine inches in diameter.

The thunder now came immediately over our heads, and the rain poured down upon us in torrents, but it fell in drops, and there was no wind-tempest. The cloud which preceded the scene above described differed from all the rest; it spent itself on the ground on which we stood, and no vestige of it remained. This, like the preceding ones, passed over our heads, and was seen and heard in the south-east, till the thunder died away, and the cloud itself vanished from our sight. This cloud having passed over our heads, it was followed by a great stillness in the air, and I returned to my wagon, in the hope that I should have a good night's rest; but scarcely had I laid my head upon my pillow, when I again heard the thunder muttering its awful sounds in the north-west. We had evening prayers after the two public services, and all was now still, to listen to the voice of the Lord thundering in the heavens. The storm, as it drew near, became awfully grand. It was above

our heads, whereby the thunder was distinctly heard. The peals followed each other like the successive discharges of artillery, and the whole concave of heaven seemed filled with innumerable sounds, to which there appeared to be no end ; these, from their different degrees of distance, appeared like the notes struck on different keys on a musical instrument. It was the music of heaven ; it was grand and glorious. I think I still hear it lingering on my ear, and could almost fancy that several sounds will be heard when the redeemed shall be caught up to meet their Lord in the air. When these sounds had passed away, another distant thunder uttered its murmuring voice in the north-west, and this scene continued, one cloud succeeding another, till midnight. I must now be brief, and come to a description of the last cloud which closed the scene. Whether the last cloud rested on the hill or not I could not ascertain by sight, but there was no reverberation of sound, and every clap of thunder struck the earth and shook it. One peal was heard immediately over my wagon, and it participated in the motion of the earth, and shook and trembled : another appeared to strike the ground immediately on the left side of my wagon ; this was succeeded by one upon the right side ; and I was all attention, supposing the tent, the people, and the other wagon, must have been destroyed by it.

Scarcely had I satisfied myself that they had escaped, when another peal appeared to strike the ground immediately behind the wagon in which I lay ; and such was the effect of the percussion on the earth and the air, that my bed was moved in a longitudinal direction, so that my head, which was upon my pillow, was dashed against the board at my head. It was a solemn moment, it brought eternity directly before me ; the next second I supposed I should stand before the Judge of the whole earth. I pleaded a Redeemer's merit, and committed my soul into

his hands. In this state of mind I continued waiting the awful summons, not doubting that my hour was come. I had, however, more days to live;—the flaming sword was muffled; I saw no more lightning; I heard no more thunder. This was to me surprising, because in all the other tempests the thunder had passed over us, and gone beyond us; in this instance the last thunder spent itself at the head of my wagon; it seemed as if the Almighty had said, “My parting voice on this occasion is to you personally,—I have come near you, that you may feel your weakness, and the safety there is in my protection.”

Next morning I was anxious to ascertain what might be the cause of the extraordinary succession of thunder-storms which had passed over us on the preceding day. For this purpose I set out by myself, to examine the grounds—when, what was before to me a mystery, was in some measure explained. Walking a short distance, I reached the summit of the ground, or, at least, sufficiently high to command a view of the surrounding country. I then recollected that we had been ascending for two days towards the eminence on which I stood; and I discovered that I had gained the only part of that ledge, or high land, which separates the drainage of the Cradock from the Yellow rivers, and that I was then upon a high headland, not more than fifteen miles distant from the junction of those magnificent streams, before they form what is denominated the Great River. The whole of the thunder-clouds came along the course of the Great River from the north-west, and had I, on Sabbath, known the position on which I stood, and that I was on the very point at which clouds coming in that direction might be expected to settle, I should not have been so surprised at the unwonted nature of the phenomena. I should not then have been astonished at seeing the clouds and lightnings of heaven coming in the direction of my encampment. The science, however, I acquired next morning, did not lessen the grateful feelings I experienced

when I reflected on the goodness of God in the preservation vouchsafed to me : and I trust that as long as I live I shall recollect that day. If the scenes I have described impressed my mind with a deeper sense of God's providential care than I had before experienced, that feeling was greatly heightened by the following circumstance which occurred this morning.

When at Graham's Town, I purchased a small barrel of powder, which I intended partly for shooting game upon the road, and partly to give in presents to others for the same purpose. When speaking of the manner in which it should be placed in the wagon, I was desired to allow it to be put into one of our chests, and I was at the same time assured that it would be perfectly safe in that situation. This morning we lifted the barrel out of the chest, when it was found that the heat of the weather, and the jolting of the wagon, had loosened the hoops and staves of the barrel. The double linchpins, and other irons necessary for the journey, had been put into the same chest. Judge of my feelings when I saw the bottom of the chest covered with the powder, and the irons, which had been rubbing upon each other during the whole journey, taken out of the powder as if they had been covered with a black paste by the gunpowder, and caked more than the eighth of an inch thick, and perfectly glazed by their friction upon each other, I felt almost stupid. When the God of glory thundered in the heavens, I felt that man had within him an immortal soul, that could triumph in God amidst the war of elements : when I saw the man scraping off the caked gunpowder from the irons with perfect indifference, I felt as if man were a brute, and that he had no spirit to survive the death of the body. How different are the emotions arising in the human breast from discovering dangers in appearance equal, merely from a slight difference in the circumstance ! The care of God is, however, as visible in the one as in the other.

STEINKOPFF.

A MISSIONARY STATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PEACE be within thy borders ! May'st thou shine
 Amid the darkness round thee, like a sun !
 Oh, infant church, a noble dower is thine ;
 Thine be the bright career which he hath run,
 Whose name thou bear'st. Steinkopff ! it well may be
 That never I thy rising homes shall see,
 (Marvelling how man the wilderness can tame ;)
 But what thou should'st be, answering to thy name,
 Fancy can paint. It were a verdant dell,
 Girdled by wood-crown'd hills, whose gentle swell
 Shields from the blast ; and one, one willing spring,
 Whose quiet waters, ever flowing, fling
 Bloom o'er thy thousand flowers ; and soothe and bless
 The happy children of the wilderness,
 Redeem'd from sin beneath the watchful care
 Of one, contented for their sakes to share
 The desert life, and there with them abide,
 Their tender pastor, and their heavenward guide.

Oh, happy were such flock, such pastor blest ;
 If man might with thy honor'd name impart
 The saintly graces of thy gentle heart—
 Steinkopff ! and bid on them thy inantle rest !

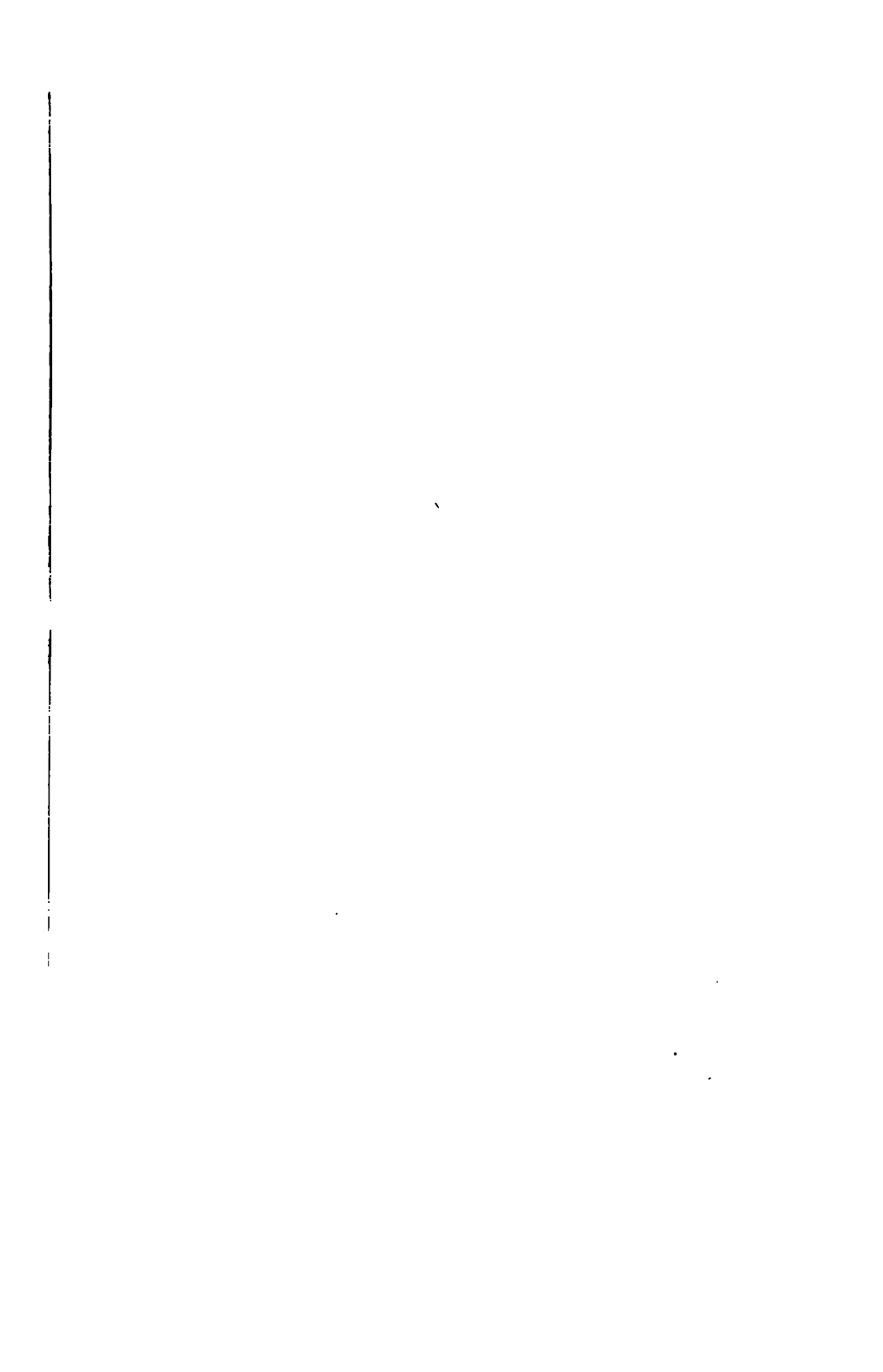
A BOW IN THE CLOUD.

FRAIL arch ! yet beautiful as frail !
 Soon must thy glorious hues turn pale,
 And faint and sad each tinted ray
 Will fade like earthly joys away.
 Rich fragment of the shivered light,
 Why dost thou come to mock our sight,
 And teach the heart a new distress
 By thy most fleeting loveliness ?

Hush ! murmurer, hush ! though frail that bow
 Which in the cloud doth sweetly glow,
 It seals a promise that remains
 More strong than adamantine chains ;
 More lasting than the rock-bound earth,
 Whose first destruction gave it birth ;
 O the brief beauty of that sign,
 How soothing, strengthening, how divine !

Sweet pledge of hope ! from thy bright scroll
 Fresh tidings glisten to the soul,
 Of mercy, linked with truth and power,
 To cheer us in life's anxious hour !
 Yet never gleams thy sun-clad head
 Save when the light cloud falls in mist ;
 And, ah ! without the tears we shed
 Hope's radiant form could ne'er exist !

But, lo ! there comes a joyful day
 When we shall feel no need of thee,
 Symbols and types shall pass away,
 And hope shall end in certainty.



THE RAIN IN THE CLOUDS.



Bow in the cloud ! thy hues so bright
Return to undivided light ;
Even so shall we, in God's dear Son,
With all our shades at length be one !

W. N. N.

"THEY SHALL MOUNT UP ON WINGS AS EAGLES."

PROUD bird of the mountain ! thy pinion thou spreadest,
All-joyously seeking thy dwelling on high ;
Not the bright sunbeam of summer thou darest,
No screen from the glow of its splendour thou needest,
Nor shrinkest appalled when the tempest is nigh.

And glorious communion thou holdest with heaven,
And visitest earth as a stranger and guest ;
And the sunbeam of day, and the twilight of even,
Alike to the strength of thy vision are given,
Proud bird of the mountain ! in majesty blest !

And such is the Christian, in safety abiding,
Tho' lightning and tempest encompass him round ;
On the Rock of eternity firmly confiding,
In mercy's pavilion all-fearlessly hiding,
He refuge and strength with Jehovah hath found !

And where is the home of his spirit ? Oh, listen
To the notes of his song as in music they swell ;
Earth cannot his anthem of triumph imprison,
And the portals of heaven all-radiantly glisten,
As he looks on the home where ere long he shall dwell !

E. M. J.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

LUKE XIII. 6.

BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES.

“BARREN still this tree is found,
Lo, it cumber still the ground :
Culture it has had for years,
But as yet no fruit appears.
Cut it down—why all this toil ?
It no more shall curse the soil !”

But, the Dresser cries, “Forbear—
Let it stand another year.
Still it shall my care employ,
Then if fruit appear, with joy
At thy feet it shall be laid,
And my toil be well repaid.”

Lord, this parable's for me :
I'm that dead and fruitless tree.
I within the vineyard stand,
Planted by thy gracious hand ;
Yet, with all the Dresser's care,
Scanty is the fruit I bear.

I have peaceful Sabbath days,
I have hours of prayer and praise :

Faithful sermons, they are mine,
Threatenings, promises divine,
All that wisdom could devise,
Sent, in mercy, from the skies.

Yet my heart is cold and dead,
Like a branch that's withered :
Yet my hands inactive prove,
To promote the cause I love :
Blessed Jesus, can there be
Life in such a barren tree !

But, another year is given,
Granted by indulgent Heaven ;
Sabbaths, sermons, hours of prayer,
Granted for another year :
Still deserved wrath delays,
Mercy lengthens out my days.

Oh for grace this year, to be
All that God delights to see—
Oh for wisdom, from above,
Every moment to improve :—
And, when time is past away,
O for mercy, in THAT day !

SONNETS.

THE WORLDLING TO THE POET.

POOR thoughtful fool, who from the careless throng,
 Passed thy days in musing idleness,
 And the vain visions of impassion'd song
 'Mid which thy spirit, unrestrained and strong,
 In words embodies what she should repress :
 Thoughts which alone unto thy tribe belong ;
 Unfashionable virtues—*Liberty*.

The loveliness of *truth*, and sages old,
 Who labour'd in her cause, and suffered by
 The hate and venom of her enemy :
 And wilt thou still in her lost cause be bold ?
 Beware, beware ! And thy rash censure hold !
 The world, as it was erst, is still the same,
 Lose not thy present good, for future praise and fame.

THE POET TO THE WORLDLING.

I CANNOT change the colour of the thought,
 With which my frame is full—nor yet conceal
 The feelings which my heart is prone to feel.
 I would be silent ; but my mind when fraught
 With its perceptions is a restless thing,
 Wherewith it makes itself the fabled wing,
 And revels in a world denied to thee,
 Peopled with all that's bright and flourishing,
 Where all is beauty, love, and purity ;
 This is not losing present good for fame,
 But rising 'bove the present ill to good ;
 Therefore, poor Worldling, cease thy voice of blame,
 Nor scorn a Poet and his solitude.

CAMBRIAN JONES.

THE LAST COMMAND.

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE"

Go to the lands afar,
 Where changeless winter reigns ;
 Night hath her empire there,
 The night of deep despair ;—
 Go bid the morning star
 Rise o'er those snowy plains.

Go, love's soft dew to shower
 On the far off southern isle ;
 Though darkness hath her hour,
 Trust in a mightier power ;
 Go bid the lily flower,
 And the rose of Sharon smile.

Go where its glittering wave
 The spreading Ganges pours ;
 No hidden power to save
 Those earth-born waters have ;
 Oh, purer streamlets lave
 Zion's thrice hallowed shores !

Go where the western sea
 With the dim horizon blends :
 Go to the captive, free
 From earthly slavery ;
 To nobler liberty
 Your glorious mission tends.

Go where o'er golden sands
The streams of Afric glide ;
Bear to those distant lands
The Saviour's sweet commands,
Firm, firm his promise stands,
" Lo, I am by thy side."

Wide is the glorious field ;
Throughout the world go forth,
The Spirit's sword to wield,
To bear the Spirit's shield ;
Till every nation yield,
And blessings crown the earth.

Of old, as poets tell,
When the east glowed with fire,
Touched by the day-god's spell,
As from some holy cell,
Soft did the music swell
From Memnon's mystic lyre.

Oh, speed the rising rays
Of the Sun of Righteousness !
So shall the glad earth raise
A nobler song of praise,
Touched by the light which plays
From a holier world than this !

Early and late still sow
The seed which God hath given ;
Seek not reward below ;
The glorious flower shall blow
Where cloudless summers glow ;
The harvest is in heaven !

LINES WRITTEN AT LANTHONI ABBEY.

BY THE REV. W. L. NICHOLS, M.A.
MINISTER OF ST. JAMES'S, BATH.

" I do love these auncient ruynes;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history." WEBSTER.

By Honddy's stream, deep in the winding vale
Of Ewyas, from vagrant foot remote,
And vulgar eye, hid in the wild recesses
Of the black mountains, stands a wasted pile !
No ivy climbs its walls, no flaunting shrub :
Chaste and severe, the mouldering arches date
From elder times, ere yet the monkish skill
Had wantoned into luxury ; and mark,
So Cambrian legends tell, a sacred spot,
Hallowed by British piety, ere yet
The church was Rome's. Hither the sainted David,
Kinsman of Arthur, ' crowned in fancy,' came,
Pleased with the glen's deep quietude, and built
A rustic cell, and lived an anchoret.

It fell, in after years, a Norman knight,
Chasing the deer on Hatterell's lofty range,
Outstripping his attendant train, espied

The hermitage ! Its lonely sacredness
Struck on his heart, filled with religious awe :
Upon the spot, doffing his martial plume,
And baldrick rough with gold, he made a vow
Of poverty, and his broad lands and store
Of wealth bestowed upon the church, and founded
The Abbey, which still canopies his bones.

How strangely solemn ! the very air, methinks,
Inspires a soft and tranquil melancholy.
The hills, that look eternity, vast walls
That rampart all the valley, and shut out
The intruding world, invite repose ; the stream
Hushing its brawling waters, past the fane
Glides taciturn and slow. No lonelier spot
Shows in Vacluse, nurse of immortal dreams !
Or that Carthusian solitude, where once,
'Mid wildest nature's dread solemnities,
The youthful Bruno dwelt. Sublime retreat !
Calm as the heavens, silent as the tomb ;
The summer gales blow soft, as when of yore
The fabric stood, and the grey brotherhood
Sat in their cloister seat, and saw the herds
Of wild deer browsing on the upland heights,
Far, far aloft ; what time the sun displayed,
Unseen till noon, emerging from the hills,
His orb, as now, hung in a cloudless sky.
Not always thus : the mist-wreaths often hang
Around the mountain-tops, and gathering clouds
Brood heavily, and when mid-winter comes,
A hundred streams lift up their voices hoarse,
And storms and gloom perpetual reign, and throw
A darker horror o'er each ruined aisle.

In scenes of awe like these, man learns alike
 His grandeur and his meanness. Earthly aims
 Fade into their own littleness; the veil
 That hides their native baseness seems withdrawn.
 But, taught to trace the subtle links that bind
 God's word and works in one harmonious chain,
 The Christian feels unwonted sympathies
 Inform his breast; with all external things
 He owns mysterious harmony; the skies
 Send down into his heart their own deep quiet;
 His soul, by nature's visible majesty
 Ennobled and refined, expands its powers,
 And elevates its thoughts from earth to heaven.

And here, methinks, e'en here, could I wear out
 My life, but for the inward questionings
 Of conscience, stern and silent monitor,
 That points to yonder pile. Those walls have yet
 A voice! They speak with powerful eloquence
 Of talents wasted, faculties unused,
 And energies benumbed and chilled. Perchance,
 They sometimes hid seraphic piety,
 But oftener proved the cell of luxury;
 Or nursed ascetic rigour's wild excess,
 And hearts from all the social charities
 And human sympathies divorced, and eyes
 Dim with religious fear.

Thus buried systems
 Speak from the tomb, and to the thoughtful mind
 Bring their own moral. Where man plants his foot
 He also plants his passions. To indulge
 Indolent musings, and the shapings fond
 Of idle reverie, far from the path

Of life's great primal duties, were to forget
That *hidden virtue stagnates into vice*,
And takes the name of sloth. Far other lore,
Ye ancient hills, and all-encircling heavens,
Thou lonely valley, and ye reverend walls,
And thou, sweet mountain-stream ! far other lore
To me ye bring ! Back to the busy world,
From brief communion with your holy forms
Returning, I shall bear your soothing influence,
And feel that it is good to have been here !*

* For an interesting description of Lanthoni Abbey, (the *Grande Chartreuse* of Britain,) see the Chronicle of Geraldus Cambrensis, edited by Sir Richard Hoare, Vol. I chap. 3.

REFLECTIONS

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A LAMENTED FRIEND,
IN THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

I SAW the sun at early dawn
 Illume the eastern sky ;
And, as he travelled on his way,
Night's dusky shadows fled away,
And all was cheerful, bright, and gay,
 And splendid majesty !

But, ere he gained the height of noon,
 Thick clouds had gathered round,
Creation's charms began to fade—
The landscape, erst in smiles arrayed,
Was lost amid the lengthened shade—
 A dreariness profound !

I marked a lovely blushing rose—
 The fairest of its race !
'Twas firm in stem, and on its head
The sparkling dew-drops seemed to shed
A sweeter scent—a deeper red—
 And more enchanting grace.

Its beauties fixed me to the spot—
 But fleeting was my joy !
Concealed within its crimson dyes
A cruel foe in ambush lies—
He claims the blooming sacrifice,
 And triumphs, to destroy !

So flourished ONE—I name him not—

His memory shall endure !

With form engaging were combined

Endowments of a nobler kind—

Truth, honour, constancy of mind—

Love, permanent and pure.

His moral worth I cease to praise—

Such eulogy were vain !

Dear favoured Youth, enough for thee

With JESUS thou wilt ever be—

And, should his image shine in me,

We soon shall meet again !

Hark ! from his tomb a message comes—

Let mortals lend an ear !

“ O ye ! who sport in health, beware !

“ My *sudden* fall ye soon may share :

“ Arise*—the JUDGE is nigh—prepare

“ Before him to appear !”

Forbear the *righteous* to deplore—

They enter into rest ! †

Released from care, and sin, and wo,

To everlasting bliss they go,

And learn, what they might doubt below,

To die—is to be blest !

* Isa. lv. 6, 7.

† Heb. iv. 9.

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ARMY of the living God,
On to victory, hand in hand;
Tread the path that Christ has trod!
Bear the cross from land to land!

See the mustering host advance,
Roused by your invading shout;
Burn their bow and break their lance,
Put the aliens to the rout!

Yours is armour weapon-proof,
Faith—your dart-defying shield;
From your sword they stand aloof;
'Tis the WORD of GOD you wield!

Blessed warfare! noble strife!
Foes you conquer, friends become;
You dispense not death, but life;
Some refuse it—taste it some.

But ere long the foe shall bow;
Triumph is not distant far,
Many signs betoken now
Conquest in this spreading war.

From the everlasting ice,
Guarding either distant pole,
To the lands of balm and spice,
Fainting under heat's control.

From the rising of the sun
To the western gates of night,
Many to the combat run,
Many share the glorious fight.

But the battle is not *yours* ;
It is *His* who sends you forth ;
Victory his word secures,
East and west, and south and north.

Yes, blest Lamb ! the war is thine,
Let thy soldiers gain the day ;
Soon let all thy warriors shine
In the victor's bright array !

Then to Thee who for us died,
All the glory shall be given ;
Glory to the Crucified,
Through eternity in heaven !

THE DRUNKARD'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HIS MISTRESS.

HERE lies, among my choicest votaries,
 A once abstemious, frugal, generous swain,
 Whom hope had planted in yon sunny skies,
 Till lust down bent him to my jovial train.

He met me at the mart, and longed, and smiled,
 As 'fore his view my sparkling draught was poured ;
 I pledged him happy, and his heart beguiled,
 He pledged me bounteous, woo'd me, and adored.

For me, inspired by love of vigorous growth,
 His fame he sacrificed, his wealth, his power,
 Domestic happiness, and plighted troth,
 His babes' sweet smile, and hope's last lingering hour.

Despite disease, disgust, an early grave,
 Affection's tears, and heaven's predicted wrath,
 And " Shun the ruin whence no arm can save !"
 Which spectred recreants shriek upon his path ;

My flaming brand upon his face he bore—
 His honour's mark—my rags his robes appeared,
 My fume's sweet incense, and my hiccup roar,
 As jubilee's enrapturing note he heard.

Shouting my charms he lived, and quaffing died,
 And dying sank, my victim and my boast,
 And swells the roar of hell's sulphureous tide,
 Which rolls my praises round her ebon coast.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

BY T. W. AVELING.

BEFORE the deep blue heavens arose on high ;
 Or e'er the depths of thundering seas were laid ;
 Or glittering stars shone mid the curtained sky ;
 Or giant mountains flung their lengthened shade :
 Before the hosts of heaven, with radiant wings,
 Glorious, were in their shining ranks arrayed ;
 He lived—the great First Cause, who all things made.
 And when the heaven-appointed moment brings
 The flaming fire that all created things
 Consumes, and when the drops of Time's deep sea
 Are lost within thy waves, Eternity !
 And darkness o'er the world her mantle flings ;
 From everlasting, He, with dreaded name,
 To everlasting, still shall be the same.

THE END.

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